

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

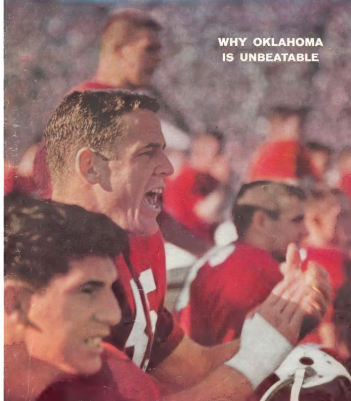
NOVEMBER 18, 1957

America's National Sports Weekly

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With a sound like the wind, and a starry glitter, the magnificent new Imperial for 1958 rolls on the scene. Here is all its triumphant beauty is America's new fine-car style leader—acknowledged throughout the nation, deeply recognized by the industry itself. The Imperial is a superb forerunner of what others may have . . . later. You may own it, and drive it, now. Unique performance characteristics are yours to command. For the Imperial, along with its great good looks and good taste, places at your service the industry's admittedly finest engineering. Touch a button. You summon deep-breathing power which feels limitless.

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See the dazzling line-up of nine new models, all available with Imperial's exclusive new Deluxe Dual Air Conditioning. Know the wonderful feeling of owning the nation's newest, most exciting motorcar—the triumphant Imperial.

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Frank Gifford's hair looks like this
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...like this after Vitalis



Halfback Frank Gifford was voted the most reliable player in the National Football League last year.

New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day...and prevent dryness

"I don't know which is worse for your hair—a hot helmet or a hot shower," says halfback Frank Gifford. "I get plenty of both so I always use Vitalis. My hair stays neat, and Vitalis isn't greasy."

The secret is V-7. This new grooming discovery is greaseless, so you never have a too-slick, plastered-down look. Along with V-7, new Vitalis blends refreshing alcohol and other ingredients to give you special protection against dry hair and scalp—whether they're caused by wind, sun or your morning shower. Try Vitalis with V-7 soon. (Tomorrow morning, for instance.)



SEE THE DIFFERENCE

Does your hair have a greasy tone that stains pillowcases like this?

Greaseless Vitalis leaves pillowcases clean—like this.



New VITALIS® Hair Tonic with V-7

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If he has as sharp an eye for fashion and value as our man, he'll choose White Stag — Bantunac's new-for-Fall plaid shirts in "The Vital Look." He'll be joining legions of American men.

Why? First, we select the richest, purest wool fabrics in exclusive patterns. Then, we tailor them, with patience and care (not sparing any of the luxury details we're famous for!) into styles of classic simplicity

and good looks. You too can join the canny clan for only \$12.95.

*Loomed by Springfield, of course.

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White Stag Manufacturing Co., Portland, Oregon.

Christmas Shopping's *
* **EASY** for YOUR
* "Sportsactive" Family



See the Christmas Gift pages
in next week's issue of

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

You'll find gift suggestions galore for every member of your family in the sports gifts listed in this gift section by the following manufacturers:

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GOODS ASSOCIATION**

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MEMO

from the publisher

BEFORE long, on many a whitened highway and byway, automobiles with skis securely racked atop will be as common a sight as boats on trailers in midsummer.

But here now, a couple of schusses ahead of the field, is Skiing Editor Ezra Bowen, just returned from St. Mary's Glacier in Colorado. There under the firm hand of America's foremost skiing coach, Willy Schaeffler (81, April 1), he has been relearning a sport in which he had long been accomplished.

The method Schaeffler teaches comes from Austria and is now officially accepted in most of Europe but is new to this country. Although evolved from advanced racing techniques, it turns out to be admirably suited to the purpose of the recreational skier. In next week's issue



EDITOR BOWEN, TEACHER SCHAEFFLER

Schaeffler, in collaboration with Bowen and Illustrator Robert Riper, begins to explain it in the first of a three-part series properly described as *Revolution in Skiing*.

A Bavarian who fought with the Austrian underground in 1944, Schaeffler is the chief advisor for downhill racing for the 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley and since 1948 has brought his University of Denver team, with four straight NCAA skiing championships, to the top of U.S. college skiing. Part I of his series sets the program for conditioning the particular muscles which the new technique

brings into play. There's a pause—to let everybody get in shape—and then in the December 16 issue Schaeffler introduces the actual mechanics for beginners and intermediate skiers. Part III comes December 23 and takes the technique through the advanced and expert level.

On the scenic side this ski season **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will visit some of the outstanding powder-snow areas of Europe, photographed by Toni Frisell; go to that most cosmopolitan of American ski centers, Aspen, Colo.; and to the ski resort which typifies the sort of area that makes skiing a sport for the whole family, North Conway, N.H.

But these stories and more will come when the snow really starts to fly. In the meantime, keeping company with the first of Willy Schaeffler's articles, will be another on what has happened in the world of ski equipment and facilities since the slopes thawed last spring. It tells of new lifts, new trails and new lodges at old resorts; of rubber skis, folding skis and metal skis; and of double-decker ski racks—an innovation a man might do well to know about before he meets them coming down the road, or, even better, might well want to own before he hits the road himself this winter.

Harry Phillips

Advertisements on page 12



COVER: THE OKLAHOMA BROW
Photograph by Garry Winogrand

The players on the Oklahoma brow, probably the best steered in college football, stand throughout the game. Clenden Thomas is the intense young man in the middle who typifies the Oklahoma spirit, one factor in the Oklahoma formula for invincibility described on page 12.

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a + s + x + f + b = INVINCIBILITY

TEX MAULE explains Oklahoma's fascinating formula for a juggernaut

MEETING AT THE SUMMIT

Bold Ruler wins the race of his life against two five champions

SPECTACLE: THEY'RE ROLLING AT RIVERSIDE

Glamour over and under the hood captured in pitfalls and test

10 SECRETS OF BOWLING

They are told by World Champion **Don Carter** and illustrated by **ANTHOBY RAYBELL** in an article that will revolutionize your game

ON THE BOWL'S RIM

With Football's Eighth Week, the New Year's Day rivals are falling into place

AFTER YOU, ALPHONSE

"Baku" lost the basket title to *Moussine Halimi*. By **MARTIN KANE**

THE OUTBOARD OUTBURST

The big news in engines and boats, including the latest wonder: an outboard diesel

THE BEAGLE CALL

... is a word of fall. **JERRY COOKE** shows a fine old running sport in color

DAN HODGE: BOXER

America's best weather switches sports. By **Don GRANGER**

THE DEPARTMENTS

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NEXT WEEK

FIRST OF A SERIES: THE NEW WAY TO SKI

Coach Willy Schaeffler and **Artist Robert Riger** team up to teach you the secrets of a new technique that will help both novice and expert



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FREE GUIDE—"HOW TO SELECT BINOCULARS"—WRITE TODAY



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100 N. Bedford St., Boston, California
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Famed De Bernardi. Tulsa standout executive who was eight-time All-American, an all-league at Westchester (Mo.) and later with AAT teams, was among first group named to Helms Hall Master's Basketball Hall of Fame. (For address, see below.)



Jim Reed, buffeted Perle, N.Y. garage owner, shifted from Chevrolet to Ford this year, found things pretty much same as he was seven years ago, finished among top five 15 times, to take his fifth straight NASCAR short-track championship.

GOLF Boston 4-0, while Rangers were having to beat red-hot team, Chicago, 3-0, but Canadians were only two points ahead at week's end. Black Hawks also out-matched Bruins 4-1 to grab third place, and Boston and Toronto, unable to work themselves, completed with Toronto far below.

GOLF

Charles H. Reed, four-time national Negro golf champion, needed 18-foot putt for last round 81 and 10-under-par 68 for 34 holes to finish in tie with Eric Root, needed only three holes to win playoff and \$2,100 first prize in Long Beach (Cal.) Open.

BASKETBALL

Boston Celtics, riding spectacular above NBA, were still unbeaten after eight games and nearly in major league. With Bill Russell sweeping boards and Bill Sharkey firing baskets, Celtics routed past Detroit 170-100, 35 minutes of 20 minutes in game 100-84. Cincinnati 102-110 in overtime (see below). Philadelphia was two from tie to meet second place in East from New York. St. Louis moved to top in West, beat Sacramento and Philadelphia on Cleveland run being moved to first.

MILEPOSTS

Boston—Oscar "Red" Bowering, Famed De Bernardi, Joe Foweraker, Robert "Aunt" Gennaro, Charles Hays, Robert Kilduff, Frank Laddie and Jack McCracken, former AAT All-American, left shortly to newly formed Helms Hall Master's Basketball Hall of Fame, at Los Angeles.

San Francisco—Dick Bark, 27, during last weekend game California after losses at Madison of Denver (game), member of 1912 Olympic team, national downhill champion in FIS squad, which will compete in world championships in Austria next February, where place event into split, played into Denver Lake, at Truckee, Calif.

San Francisco—Ray Winters, 27, played 15 for 10, beat, multi-handed, multi-time NBA, goals for New York Americans, tied to win back East, in 1920 and 1921, tripping after long illness, at Toronto.



OFF BALANCE Bill Russell isn't really getting ready to retire basketball on Cleveland's George King last merely trying to regain his footing in 332-310 NBA win over Royals.

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

PETE LOWELL, Seattle, 100-m. Pacific Beach sports car road race, with 30.7 mph average, in Ford Road Race Monterey, Calif.
JOE BARTIN, Columbia, Ga., 50-m. feature, in Ferrari Monza, Golden Days sports car track race, California, Texas.

BOXING

RODIE scored by first 2, Sugarbush, 125 m. San Francisco, where, the race.

BOXING

ONE (AOL) ARMSTRONG, 10-round decision over Harry Sandy, middleweight, New York.
CELEST ARMADE, 6-round 180 over Jorge Reyes, lightweight, Fresno, Calif.
DAVEY BROWN, 10-round decision over Joe Gallo, featherweight, Washington, D.C.

BOB SHOW

ON INTERESTING ONE (AOL) BROWN (see below) scored by Mr. and Mrs. Mary H. Taylor, last in show, Mable, Kelly, Marie, Gus, Schenck, 10.

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SMOOTH TAKEOFF carries America's Hugh Drew and his mount, Nautilus, over barrier on way to victory in the West Point Challenge Trophy at National Horse Show in New York.

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

THE EAST

The Quakers of **Pennsylvania**, who had been ravaged by seven straight opponents, finally rose up with a vengeance, put Yale to rest 33-29. The upset, accomplished through a crushing ground game, stayed the execution of Penn's Coach Steve Sebo. Sebo could surely secure himself one more season of agony by defeating Columbia and arch rival Cornell (see page 16).

Princeton took a leg on the Big Three title, slipping past Harvard in a red snort, 28-28. Harvard had the will and the superb passing of former Jayvee Quarterback Ron Johnson, but its painfully thin bench wasn't support enough against the power legions of Princeton (see page 16).

Army's Bob Anderson ran for 234 yards and Utah's Lee Grosscup passed for 316 in a spectacular offensive show at West Point as the Cadets topped Jack Curcio's **Kalamazoo** 39-33. Anderson raved for three touchdowns and now leads the nation in scoring with 78 points while Grosscup leads in passing yards with 1,078.

Harvard, a powerhouse in truly little college circles, won the 38th of its last 34 games by tripping **Hamilton** 8-2 in an upstate New York skirmish.

THE SOUTH

Navy walloped **Duke** in the passing, running and first-down departments, yet was fortunate to escape with a 6-6 tie in an afternoon of fumbles and frustration at Baltimore. Navy fountained five times inside the Blue Devil 36-yard line and missed a last moment field-goal attempt from the Duke 33. Duke, on the other hand, relied on the brink of a fourth-period touchdown only to have the drive chopped off by a clipping penalty on the Middle 2. For all their troubles, Navy and Duke now have tied three straight with one another.

Bobby Gaudin, fast developing into the nation's top tailback, rumbled recklessly, tossed in a few crucial tackles and a pass interception to lead **Tennessee** over **Georgia Tech**, 21-6. The shillbacking Tech couldn't score until the last 27 seconds put the Yell in a grand spot for a bowl bid if they get past Mississippi Saturday.

Mississippi warmed up for this classic scrap by ruffling through **Louisiana State** 14-12. Ole Miss, the country's leading ground club with a 334-yard average in its first seven games, bettered that figure by piling up 365 yards rushing.

THE MIDWEST

A record crowd of 39,500 fans filled **Missouri's** Memorial Stadium to watch **Oklahoma** get its lungs, saw nothing of the

Football seemed fouled with a high-acting flare in the country's major power except the midfield tug-of-war staged by Navy and Duke at Baltimore. That ended in a 6-6 tie.

kind as the Sooners clinched an Orange Bowl berth by thudding past Missouri 28-14.

Iowa, looking as virulent as ever, gave **Missouri** a staggering exhibition of passing and running, slaughtered the Golden Gophers 44-20. Hawkeye End Jim Gibbons caught nine of Quarterback Randy Duncan's passes, set a school record of 164 yards gained by a pass receiver. The Big Ten title match now seems set for Saturday when Iowa travels to Columbus, Ohio...

Where **Ohio State** stayed in the act by running up a 20-0 first-half lead over **Purdue** and repeatedly slammed the door in the face of deep Bellemaker drives to via 26-7. With Halfback Don Clark out with an early-game injury, Ohio State's excellent ground game was gravely crippled. State gained only 22 yards in the second half (see page 12).

The Mid-America Conference title went to **Miami of Ohio** as the Redskins **Marshall** ragged, 25-11. Miami now has won its fifth championship since the league started in 1947.

THE SOUTHWEST

It was John Crow again, running with chockin' power and glucking off a timely pass interception, this time as **Texas A&M** dished off **Southern Methodist** 19-6. Crow and the Aggies could see up a Southwest Conference crown and a trip to the Cotton Bowl with a victory over Rice this Saturday.

Baylor sagged back for a last-period touchdown, throwing a damper over **Texas** bowl hopes by holding the Longhorns to a 7-7 tie. The brilliant work of Texas passer Walt Frazier was marred by his losing two fumbles at the Baylor goal line (see page 14).

Arizona State spotted **Texas Western** a touchdown, then tilted off 48 straight points to crush the Miners 43-7, and clinch at least a first-place tie in the Border Conference.

THE FAR WEST

Life each of the other two Coast teams which drew a good will, **Oregon** swooned at the sweet smell of team, dropped one to **Washington** 13-6. The Huskies outplayed the supposedly fine Oregon line, busting up the Webfoots' important running game and intercepting a pass in the second period. That interception set up a touchdown and the deciding extra point. Oregon, however, need win only one of its remaining games with **Southern California** and **Oregon State**.

And **USC** is no world beater. It lost again, this one to **Stanford**, 35-7. By winning, the Indians are still a remote Rose Bowl possibility (see page 14).

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for games of
Saturday, November 16

• **Ohio State-Iowa.** Unsuspected in Big Ten, Buckeyes can take title and Rose Bowl trip, while once-titled Iowa can ritish championship. Ohio State has shown powerful running offense. Iowa has determined defenses. **IOWA.**

• **Tennessee-Mississippi.** Probable Sugar or Cotton Bowl berth at stake in this melee at Memphis. Heels undefeated in SEC play, while Vols have won them all since lost to bowl-bound Auburn. Ole Miss has not faced the tough schedule of Tennessee. Trained upon pain and punishment... **TENNESSEE.**

• **Oklahoma-Texas A&M.** TV Game of the Week. Two weeks ago this meeting looked like a test for the Sooners, but the Irish now have been checked twice. Seemingly a spot for Sooner complacency, still... **OKLAHOMA.**

• **Michigan State-Wisconsin.** Over-revered Spartans still have a glimmer of hope for Rose Bowl. Gophers have been a disappointment. Could rise and strike but... **MICHIGAN STATE.**

• **Blue-Texas A&M.** Owls, with one conference loss, are still in SWC battle. Aggies keep narrowing the field week by week. A vote for ABC-Aggies, Bryant and Crow. **TEXAS A&M.**

• **Princeton-Yale.** Tigers, unbeaten in Ivy League, had close call with Harvard while the Bulldogs were soundly defeated in Philadelphia. Eli will be ready. In what should be nip-and-tuck, **PRINCETON.**

• **Wisconsin-Illinois.** Badgers most improved team in Big Ten while the Illini staged two major upsets, Minnesota and Michigan. My vote goes to the spiffy. **ILLINOIS.**

• **Duke-Clemson.** Blue Devils hoard for bowl. Clemson is capable of beating them or anybody, but I'll stick with the Devils. **DUKE.**

ALSO:

Georgia Tech over **Alabama**

Auburn over **Georgia**

Washington over **California**

Penn over **Columbia**

Carleton over **Cornell**

Penn State over **Vanderbilt**

Florida over **Baylor**

Michigan over **Indiana**

Missouri over **Kansas State**

Key over **George Washington**

Colorado over **Nebraska**

Stanford over **Oregon State**

Purdue over **Northwestern**

Oregon over **USC**

Arizona over **Southern Methodist**

Texas over **Texas Christian**

Army over **Tulane**

Last week's hunches:

16 right, 7 wrong, 2 ties

Record to date: 126-63-11

PRO PARADE

There is the focus of the moment when the wheel finally turns clockwise in the NFL. This year the wheel has no chief, so the favorites are whirling as fast as a like *San Francisco* and *Pittsburgh* are both the standings.

When Buddy Parker, the fathers-landed coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, chose a "Must" the Lions' franchise, the place to announce his resignation as coach of the Detroit Lions, he stirred up considerable excitement in the National Football League. Unhappy with a behind-the-scenes tug of war between two factions of owners,



BUDDY PARKER has his Pittsburgh Steelers up close, Steeler fans buying tickets.

Parker quit dramatically, stayed on the sidelines for 16 days, then returned to the coaching was abruptly as the chief of the Pittsburgh Steelers. He has continued to stir up excitement in his new role, too. He shuffled off a pair of first-draft choices for a good quarterback and swapped personnel a significantly more effective quarterback over the past season. Now, after seven games, the Steelers are in third place, ready

for a late run at the leaders in the East, and football interest in Pittsburgh is booming. Although the Cleveland Browns have parlayed their usual tremendous defense into first place (with the help of a surprisingly good performance from Quarterback Torrey O'Connor) and some booming running from rookie Fullback Jim Brown, Pittsburgh, a game behind the second-place New York Giants, is still a threat. In the West, just past the halfway mark, the surprising team has been the San Francisco 49ers. No one seems nearly sure what Frankie Albert has done to his warriors to put them in first place, but a few factors are pretty clear. Yellowface, Althea, Yittle, the budding 49er quarterback, is having one of his best seasons. One of the reasons for this fine season is a kangaroo-like slotback and named E. C. Owens, who has a special play called the "Althea." Designed to take advantage of his ability to leap high in the air and descend with the football in his hands. On this play, Yittle, ignoring any defenses who may be clustered around Owens, heaves the ball high and far down field and Owens simply jumps higher than the defenses and catches it. This particular maneuver has accounted for at least two of the 49er victories. Owens' leaping and its related intensity really accounted for the biggest crowd in NFL history, Sunday when 152,000 fans packed the stadium in Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum to watch the Rams atop the league (17-24). It was the biggest week in NFL history, with 312,331 at the six league games.

At the halfway mark in the season Commissioner Bert Bell reported that attendance was running 10% above last season's level, a record for the league. The reason, he said, was the ability of the underdog to whom they betters regularly may insure an even bigger increase in the burgeoning crowds.

By A. M. 11/11

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds	Runs	Pkcs		Pts	Yds	Runs	Pkcs
Comp.									
Browns	24	325	189	8-12	Steelers	8	90	27-31	17-17
Packers	7	269	157	10-15	Giants	28	478	299	24-32
Cats	21	175	108	17-30	Seagulls	17	275	108	40-51
Giants	21	161	705	11-22	Cardinals	2	131	61	...
Bears	21	155	115	21-27	49ers	17	148	...	...
Lions	27	234	177	11-24	Eagles	35	277	45	24-35

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION

	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Detroit	6	1	0	.857
Baltimore	5	2	0	.714
Pittsburgh	4	2	0	.667
Chicago Cards	2	5	0	.286
Philadelphia	2	5	0	.286
Washington	2	5	0	.286

WESTERN DIVISION

	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct.
San Francisco	6	1	0	.857
Baltimore	5	2	0	.714
Seattle	4	2	0	.667
Chicago Bears	4	2	0	.667
Los Angeles	4	2	0	.667
Green Bay	4	2	0	.667

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Near hearty cheers for
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CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

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S—snow N—nice F—freshen T—tempted
SP—spring flight FF—fall flight GF—good flight
LF—leave flight GFW—good flyway
state birds of prey BS—blackburnian
P—piedmont BI—blackburnian G—goldeneye
EI—eastern goldeneye GF—goldeneye
EI—eastern goldeneye GF—goldeneye
EI—eastern goldeneye GF—goldeneye
EI—eastern goldeneye GF—goldeneye

MAINTENANCE SO NICE, T with Gardner Theodore B. covered Mr. Kell's flying through the high largely unpopulated section in Chester River birds. "We saw thousands of geese and ducks," the passenger reported, "and they were flying in flocks of 100, but not in great numbers." In the Chester River, Mr. Kell and his companions, including Mr. Kell, saw a large flock of geese, mostly G, and GFW. These geese, then, about 200, before sunset, but GFW is expected to be common. Mr. Kell, however, for **canards** on Chesapeake Bay and on Susquehanna River as far west as Bay Bridge. EI for **hens** in Kent County. Only one bird, which is GFW, was seen, and it was flying over the water for a long time.

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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SIFTING TALENT FOR CREATION OF THE OKLAHOMA JOGGernaut. ASSISTANT COACH SAM LYLE DIPS INTO TEXAS, EDDIE GROWDER

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NOVEMBER 16, 1957

a + \$ + x + f + b

This formula belongs to Oklahoma, where it was developed

IT WAS ONCE SAID—only half facetiously—that the three greatest organizations the world has ever known were the Imperial German Army, the Roman Catholic Church and the Standard Oil Company. Inasmuch as the Imperial German Army was demobilized in 1918, it is doubtless high time that a new candidate be proposed to fill out the tri-umvirate, and one strong contender—most sport fans would agree—is the University of Oklahoma football team. For the past decade this team has dominated the U.S. football scene in virtually the same overpowering and aggressive manner that the Kaiser's legions once dominated Europe. And behind their success is the same genius for organization, the same synthesizing of personnel with circumstances that was a trademark of the Junkers.

First, let the record speak. Since 1947 Oklahoma has won 97 games, lost only 7 and tied 8. It has won 60 conference games, lost none and tied only two. It has played in five bowl games, winning four and losing one. It has scored in 123 straight games, which is a national record, and it has won 47 games in a row, again a national record. It has won three national titles, including 1955 and 1956, and will most likely win the third consecutive title this year.

Such consistent success is never an accident, and it certainly is not in the case of Oklahoma. Located in the most favorable football climate in the U.S., Oklahoma has evolved a nearly infallible formula for victory. The conscientious, indefatigable application of this formula has produced and will probably continue to produce the most formidable team in the nation for years to come.

a = MOTHER LODGE

The red clay of Oklahoma and the sands of the west Texas desert country produce scrubby crops, oil and football players. For the hardy, lean and tough people who inhabit this country, the crops are a last resort, oil a hopeful dream and football a religion. Football is a perfect expression of their way of life—hit harder than you are hit, don't cry when you are hurt, win. The ultimate expression of this rather Spartan philosophy is at the state university, where the 44-odd young men who make up the football squad hit superlatively hard, bear the bruises of the game stoically and, above all else, win.

The university itself is a melange of red brick buildings



PROSPECTS NORTHERN OKLAHOMA, TED YOUNGLINE THE SOUTHEAST. DOWNE JONES DIRECTS FROM HIS DESK AT THE UNIVERSITY

= INVINCIBILITY

to equate with unbeatable football. It is explained below

by **TEX MAULE**

sprawled untidily across the flat clay country at Norman, 38 miles from Oklahoma City. Since it sits deep in the heartland of the richest vein of football talent in the U.S. it is only fitting that the most impressive structure on the campus is the big homebase of a football stadium with seats for 60,000. (The population of Norman is 27,006.) The university lies closer to most of the towns of adjacent west Texas than do the big Texas colleges, and west Texas annually produces more good high school football players than any other section of the country. Needless to say, many of the best of them go to the University of Oklahoma, thus creating a tremendous resentment in the Texas colleges and frequent charges of illegal recruiting, but no one has been able to prove that Oklahoma ever brought a west Texas football player to Norman in a Cadillac given to him by an Oklahoma alumnus. It is extremely unlikely, in fact, that anyone ever will, because Oklahoma does not provide Cadillacs for its football players. Nonetheless, the rewards for playing football for Oklahoma are substantial, and the players who get them are almost invariably worth their salt.

Life in a small Texas or Oklahoma town offers little recreation. Until football became a way of life, the inhabi-

tants scratched along with the pleasures to be gained from the local movie and its diet of westerns, from the local beer joint (most of west Texas and all of Oklahoma is dry, with liquor sales restricted to 3.2 beer) or from church socials. In the last 20-odd years the strongest emotional impact on these people has been high school football, which draws each small town into a close-knit, fanatic collection of fans each fall. No major college with the most rabid alumni can match the intense interest of these small towns in their high school football teams. The towns pay high for their coaches, many of whom draw better salaries than their small-college counterparts. The coaches work with large, efficient staffs and devote their full time to football. Because football in these parts takes the place of the opera, the stage, the posies and the art galleries in more cosmopolitan areas, it is only logical for high school football players to receive the same careful grooming and community attention as do princes of the realm in the capitals of Europe. They play from 10 to 14 games a year against tough competition, as compared to six to 10 games a year for high school players nearly everywhere in the U.S. A boy who goes from

en. (Based on page 66)

MEETING AT THE

The year's most decisive race gives Bold Ruler revenge, prestige and

THE 575 neatly harnessed sires in the stands of Camden, N.J., very nearly reexperienced to the same degree of tension and excitement that gripped and fascinated the world of the horseplayer when Nisum and Swamp had their celebrated match race at Washington Park two years ago. And in some ways the Trenton Handicap at Garden State last Saturday was even better than the match race. It had, for one thing, not two champions but

three. Three skillful jockeys and three experienced and patient trainers. And some 10,000 fans intent on seeing—not long late—whether the classic cup horse Gallant Man, the take-on-all-comers Round Table or the phenomenal sprinting wizard Bold Ruler deserved the title of best 3-year-old in the land.

The on-again-off-again meeting of this trio had an ample share of sectional interest. For example, Round Table,

owned by Oklahoma City Oilman Travis M. Kerr, had been the hero of the Hollywood Park season, and thus, in a sense, he, like Swamp before him, took on the role of the California color-bearer. Gallant Man, winner of The Belmont and Jockey Club Gold Cup, carried another California hero, Willie Shoemaker, on his back sporting the silks of Texas Oilman Ralph Lowe. And the pride of the East was Bold Ruler, owned by Mrs. Henry Carnegie Fhipps,

ROUNDING INTO HOMESTRETCH BOLD RULER HAS SAFE MARGIN OVER TIRMS ROUND TABLE, LEFT, AND CHALLENGING GALLANT MAN



SUMMIT

more championship races

by WHITNEY TOWER

trained by an almost old horse, Jun Fitts, sat on and ridden by Eddie Arcaro. They had won The Flamingo, Wood Memorial and Preakness, but in two attempts to negotiate the Trenton distance of a mile-and-a-quarter had been seriously injured. Now they were coming back with new-found confidence.

In a three-horse race a speed horse has an advantage only if he is not seriously challenged during the early running. If one of the other two horses elects to run with him both of them are taking a chance that they kill each other off and in so doing set up the fast, perfectly bred, make-franchise kind third horse.

In the case of the Trenton nobody figured to feel anybody. It was common knowledge that Bold Ruler would go to the front. Round Table would range along within striking distance, and Gallant Man would sit back until time for his moment to bolt side-pole. Both Johnny Neriad and Willie Motter, who train Gallant Man and Round Table respectively, knew that Bold Ruler was dangerous. "If he ever gets five or six lengths in front," said Neriad of Bold Ruler, "it'll be all over." Motter agreed. "Once he gets in front by that far, he just seems to float along, and there is no catching him."

The chief hope, then, for the Ruler's rivals seemed to lie in sticking close to him and also in a somewhat open-to-question belief that because Mr. Fitts's horse had never won at this distance he was incapable of doing so now. Arcaro and others alone: "I don't think this horse has ever looked strong or as good as he's right now. Furthermore, I don't see him get two distances. You see, in both his other races at this distance there's been something wrong. In the Derby I tried to rate him, and he finally just quit on me. And even in the Woodward I caught him a little too much. The answer to riding this dude is not to raise up and fight him in any way. Just drop your hands on him and let's go on to relax himself and hope along without any fight. The other

boys won't let me wing off to say big lead—but if they do they'll sure be sorry. Another thing about this horse of mine: once they catch him they still got to pass him. When Gallant Man caught me at the quarter pole in the Woodward it took him till the eighth pole before he could get by me."

For Bold Ruler and Eddie Arcaro the question of being passed never came up last Saturday. When the gates were sprung The Master was gone and away—seemingly to be headed on even seriously challenged. The great sprinter streaked past the stands the first time nearly four lengths in front of Round Table. He was a superb picture of power in motion with his tremendous stride eating up the ground in front of him as Arcaro sat, perched almost motionless like a young boy being surely and swiftly run away with. That was the race. On the backside Bold Ruler had at one time eight lengths on Round Table and another two or so on Gallant Man before Showmaker could get going. But by then it was too late. Gallant Man, to be sure, made up ground turning for home, but as he did so Bold Ruler, like any good horse, had given himself a breather and when they straightened for the stretch ran Arcaro had only to flick his whip gently, his horse's head and the part of seven-coated horse—still strong and fresh—two lengths in front, with Round Table staggering along, over 14 lengths to the rear.

NOTING CONFUSED

None of the three camps had any real excuse—before or after. Both Kerr and Lowe would have preferred the race to be run over a fast track; it was officially "fast" and considered about one second off—which makes Bold Ruler's winning time of 2:01.4 5/16 excellent indeed, but the records showed that both had handled off-going with winning performances before—as had Bold Ruler. Jockey Willie Harman, on Round Table, complained that his horse was slipping and sliding around



UBERMAN, from top to left, Arcaro takes Derby. Phipps, the winning colt, won.

all the way, and Showmaker had to admit that Arcaro had had his own way from start to finish and that there was nothing he or Gallant Man could do about it.

What this race will do in the way of vote-getting for championship honors in a few weeks remains to be seen. Bennett Kerr, who had watched Round Table win 11 straight before the Trenton, had said confidently, "When it's all over I'm sure we'll be able to say the best horse won." After it Neriad said, "You have to consider Bold Ruler, but you always got to remember that he didn't win at the important distances."

Meanwhile Jimmy Dan Fitzsimmons was making plans to put Bold Ruler in more races. Did he think his horse qualified as the champion? "I don't know why not," replied Mr. Fitts. "All breeds was beat the two horses they were doing all that talking about. What more can he do?"

"For the things he can do," added Arcaro, "Bold Ruler is better than Nashua. This is a high-class horse. In fact he's grade A." (EWT)

THEY'RE ROLLING AT RIVERSIDE

Glamour and speed are in prospect at the rugged new Riverside, Calif., road course on the fringe of the Mojave Desert, where the last national Sports Car Club of America race meeting of the season will be held this weekend

SOUTHWEST OF THE ROCKIES has an atmosphere all its own, a mood compounded of merry partying, dapper-but-funkier clothing, an inevitable flock of platinumed ladies, and competition as fierce as you are likely to see anywhere. The meet that doesn't produce a bona fide Hollywood starlet to top off the black oil grime on the faces of the winners with a scarlet smear of lipstick is impoverished indeed.

No poverty is apparent in the operation of Riverside, Calif.—even from whose inaugural September races are shown on the following pages. An \$800,000 venture by millionaire Sportsman John Edgar and Restaurateur Rudy Clegg, Riverside is the most ambitiously conceived of a half dozen fine new American road courses built in this year of unprecedented growth. It is fitting, then, that Riverside will be the scene this weekend of the dramatic Sports Car Club of America meet of the season—the last of three big November outcasts in California.

An hour's drive from Los Angeles, situated hard by the San Jacinto mountains, Riverside is a fast and testing 3.3 mile course for sports cars. Unhappy testimony to its ruggedness provided at the opening race by Carroll Shelby, the fireball from Evans, whose accident in practice caused him severe facial injuries, and Pasadena's John Lawrence, who was killed in a racing crash-up. In the future, Riverside will offer a variety of road course options: a one-mile oval for track-racing machines and a half-mile hot-rod drag-strip already have been built.

California's November season is more a big Coast show than a typical SCCA national series. Few drivers from west of the Rockies make the trip west, and few from the Coast follow the custom and midwestern summer tour. Names like Bob Brak and Rebo Gauthier come quicker to the Coast fan's tongue than that of the East's big name champion, Walt Hansgen, and you'll get an argument from the Coast if you claim Ohio's Bob Kahn, national leader in the lively AC Bristol class, tops California's Bill Love.

About the atmosphere of Coast racing, though, no argument exists. It is different, and the word from the Coast is "It is different!"

—KENNETH REDDEN

FROM THE AIR Riverside is a serpentine strip of asphalt. South turn is in foreground, San Jacinto range afar.





UP THE STRAIGHT after clocking 146 mph, Pete Woods of La Habra, Calif., in D Jaguar.



Fights to keep lead over Ford-engined Troutman-Barnes Special driven by Chuck Daigh of Long Beach



WINNER of Riverside's inaugural feature, the 83-mile Gold Cup, Ferrari Salesman Richie Ginther embraces wife after taking checkered flag. His 4.9-liter Ferrari led field by 38 seconds

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

DONALD CAMPBELL: A NEW RECORD, A NEW GOAL • CHICAGO
FLIRTS WITH FOOTBALL • WHEN MEN BECOME MISSILES •
RODEOING AS A TOUGH SPORT • THE BIG FRISBEE RALLY

THE ANSWER

IT IS RARE indeed in this complex world when one man, and one man alone, becomes the repository of all human experience in any field. England's Donald Campbell, however, has achieved this lovely and frightening position. There is only one jet speedboat in the world, Campbell's *Bluebird*; nobody but he has ever occupied its tiny, plastic-canopied Duralumin cockpit and no other man has gone more than 200 mph on water and lived. There is a relatively roomy society of U.S. Gold Cup drivers, and when Art Asbury pressed Canada's *5fin Super-tur II* to a new propeller-driven record of 184 mph last month, they all knew just about what he had experienced. Only Campbell knows how man feels and what he encounters when he goes 160 mph faster than that.

Yet Campbell did not lack for kiloliters during the two months he spent in New York State last summer trying to boost his 226 mph world record to 250 mph (his fantastic 286 mph run, made in England in 1954, cannot be accepted, since records are based on the average speed of two runs made in opposite directions within one hour). He all but killed himself when *Bluebird* hit a wave at 240 mph on Lake Canandaigua in August, and many in the crowds which watched his daimally unsuccessful speed runs after that concluded that he had simply lost his nerve. Campbell admitted that it sometimes took him weeks to key himself for nerve-racking sessions of 200 mph-plus and let it go at that—we were quite able to follow his involved explanations of the dangers implicit in the slightest irregularity of lake surface.

Back in England last week, however, he sent *Bluebird* howling down

dark, hill-hemmed Coniston Water in one last attempt at the elusive record. As the boat fled toward the measured kilometer, Campbell felt that he had found a few minutes of almost perfect water at last, and he opened his throttle wide. He was instantly surrounded by the boat's reaction and his voice called over the radio: "What the hell's happening? She's all over the place." Leo Villa, the cunning little engineer who had also served Campbell's father, Sir Malcolm, called in warning: "Easy, skipper—she's nose light." *Bluebird* was oscillating, and if her nose lifted 3½" she would go up and over backward. But by then the kilometer had been run. The speed: 250.107 mph.

Hurriedly, before the wash from his progress could reach shore and rebound into the course, Campbell turned and came flying back trailing a long tail of smoke, steam and reverberating sound.

He was white and shalom when he got out of the cockpit. "A real pasting," he muttered. But in a few minutes he grinned jubilantly. His average: 239.07. "Some unkind people," he said, "thought I didn't want to do it. The man without fear is a man with no sense and no feeling. But when conditions are plumb right I'll take my chance." He then suggested that he would build a new *Bluebird*. "This boat will not reach 300 with safety," he said. And pushing on toward that beckoning frontier—and across it—is now Don Campbell's objective.

RETURN OF THE IRRELEVANCY

BACK in 1939, when Robert M. Hutchins was chancellor of the University of Chicago, he considered intercollegiate football one of the

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• Go and Give

It is National Football Week and college football audiences across the U.S. this Saturday get a chance to contribute to a good and worthy cause: renovation of the Football Hall of Fame at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. (TV watchers can contribute by mail; same address.)

• A Look at the Silver Lining

Minor League attendance flagged again this year, dropping one-and-a-half million to 15,496,684. But Minor League President George M. Trautman was not dismayed. He pointed out that despite "wretched weather during the early season" eight of the 28 leagues showed increases.

• Bad Break for the Tar Heels

Frank McGuire, coach of North Carolina's national basketball champions, has a touch of the miseries. Joe Quigg, his 6-foot 9-inch center, broke his leg in an intrasquad scrimmage and will be out for the season. But McGuire has a replacement: a 6-foot 7-inch sophomore named Lee Shaffer.

• Save Your Romanian Music

Before a soccer game last week between the Lancashire borough of Bolton and a touring Russian army team, the Soviet side stood at perfect attention as an absent-minded British band played a Russian national anthem exactly 40 years out of date: God save the Tsar.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continues

"irrelevancies," and even the dead bodies of Old Maroons he abolished it. But Hutches could not abolish autumn and the changes the season works in young blood. Autumn kept coming to the campus. Hatchins left and again, this year, the old seasonal irrelevancy returned—Chicago defeated Wilson Junior College 24-0 October 31 and last week lost to North Central College 18-0 in what were, well, almost football games. The season might have been higher but there were no extra points—there were no goal posts to kick them over. There were also no kickoffs, as the proceedings, in order to receive official sanction, had to remain in the "scrimgage" category.

The Chicago squad was made up of 41 enthusiastic students—averaging 178 pounds per man—who had enrolled in a football course taught by Walter Hase, the university's athletic director. Only one-third of them had ever played the game before. They were outfitted, for the most part, in white sweats pants, maroon jerseys and white helmets. Most of the jerseys and an occasional antique-bronze helmet dated back to the pre-1939 era when Chicago was a member of the Big Ten.

Some 175 spectators, largely students, watched on the sidelines last week during the gray, chilly afternoon and freely joshed the substitutes, five of whom—collectively—established some sort of modern football record by wearing mustaches. Six small boys and a yellow dog climbed to the top of the deserted soot-blackened north stand of



Stagg Field and gave a cheer. Then they climbed down again.

The game had a nice, amateur air to it. A North Central lineman was banished for threatening a Chicago player. Coach Hase spoke to Jesse Vail, the North Central coach, and the two men waved the offender back. He shook hands with his late enemy and play resumed. Nine there was no marching band to take up tunes, 100 teams took for just five minutes at the ball. And we recommended that the Chicago center, Bob Taylor, be a postgraduate Rutgers student who had played for Rutgers.

Coach Hase was delighted with the experiment—though a bit perturbed

over a leaky pass defense which permitted all these North Central scores—and he hopes it leads to "a low-pressure, modest operation. . . . I mean, five or six games with small colleges around Chicago. . . . then perhaps at the end of the season a couple of teams like Yale or Columbia, teams that have a fine name and would draw a fair crowd but wouldn't be too far out of our class.

"I'm not interested in coaching big-time football," said Hase, a Minnesota star in 1931-32. "If that's the kind of football program you end up with, they can find another coach."

Before Chicago winds up with any kind of program, however, the university's regents will have to lift Hutches' football ban. It cannot be done without the faculty council's approval. The faculty was against it in 1936 but Hase is going to try again this year. He thinks he has a chance.

THE CATAPULT CLUB

THE BEST of the unlimited hydroplanes went thrashing across Nevada's Lake Mead the other Sunday in pursuit of the last big trophy of the season, the Sahara Cup. But for all the effect the race had on the year's hydroplane title they might have been just a hippopotamus herd staging a noisy free-for-all: *Hasego Kai III* already had the title cinched on points. Moreover, to the intense satisfaction of experts—such as Lou Fagel who had predicted great things for *Hasego Kai's* Rolls-Royce power plant this year (SI, Aug. 12)—the Kai roared off with the Sahara Cup trophy too.

It has been a big year for the unlimited class in hydroplane racing. More boats than ever before competed, a million people turned out to watch as the big craft, transformed from coast to coast, and millions more watched on home screens. Possibly the only disturbing statistic is that three drivers were catapulted out of their cockpits and into the drink on very short notice—the sort of accident that had previously been rare.

In the Lake Mead race, Hasego Kai May, Ram Schleeh was forced into a tight turn by a stalled competitor and was flung out. Four weeks later in the President's Cup, Schleeh's *Kai* to I tumbled under and Schleeh was hauled into the Pompano Beach courts in between. Five Ales was tossed from *Miss U.S.* into the Detroit River during the Silver Cup, and later Bud Muncey's *Miss Thoroughbred* hoisted high and split up in the Governor's Capital Mar-

lion, Ind. Fortunately, all the drivers lived to drive again, though they have earned membership in what might well be called the "Catapult Club."

The original catapult man was, of course, Lou Fagel. He went through a twisting back flip—75 feet high—in the 1934 Gold Cup and came away with a punctured lung, a damaged



heart and four cracked vertebrae. This year's initiations were not quite that rough. After escaped without injury, Muncey got off with a badly bruised shoulder and Schleeh with general contusions which still have him feeling "like I've been run over by a herd of wild horses."

Blame for the rise in accidents has been variously fixed, but if the Catapulters ever get together to formalize their fraternity in a miniature gold slingshot in the lapel might do nicely; they will probably talk about the need for a ball that won't nose, shelve or otherwise act up in rough water at the 150-mph speeds reached in unlimited class racing today.

With this in mind, the drivers at the Sahara Cup took turns trying out the amortized, humpbacked Thriftless, Too on Lake Mead after racing was over. Designer Ted Jones claims that by seating the pilot up toward the nose with the engine astern of him, Thriftless, 700-horsepower good looks even in the most disturbed water. The boat has accumulated a fair record in its rookie year and hasn't tried to buck its driver once. Next year, according to Jones, the design will be capable of outrunning the best conventional hydro. Jones goes to work with the best wishes of every pilot in the class. To a man they are on record for pegging the Catapult Club's membership right at the present level.

OLD JIM

GETTING myself together," says Jim Saunders, the world's champion cowboy, a little while before he is due to ride a bareback horse or a bull. Then to put on an old pair of boots, wrap his legs around them with elastic bandages, put more bandages on his knees outside of his levis, stuff a rubberlike device called a tail pad into the seat of his pants, has a friend pin a number on his back, and is ready to ride. "It's hell to be old

and feeble," he sighs, "and poor, too."

Poor old Jim Shoulders is a lean and wiry 29. In his 16-year career he has made more than a quarter of a million dollars as a rodeo cowboy, which is a rugged way to make a quarter of a million dollars. The bandages he applies before his rides are not for what may happen, but for what has already happened, in the way of dislocated knees, broken bones and torn ligaments. But Shoulders is as durable as an old-life-size TV's condenser on the screen. In September, when a sudden twist by the horse he was riding pulled his collar bone loose from his shoulder, Jim just went ahead and finished the ride, and turned up the next night as well to ride two nights and another bareback horse.

To a rodeo hand the seriousness of an injury is measured by the length of time it keeps him out of competition, and therefore out of the money. Getting hurt doesn't worry them much. "The fear that most of us have," says Shoulders, "is that we won't draw an animal, horse or bull, that will give us a good point-making ride." At the San Francisco horse show and rodeo, where Shoulders competed last week, he did draw poor stock and failed to win a dollar or a single championship point. The 1957 rodeo season isn't over yet—the Harrisburg (Pa.) rodeo, opening this week, is one of the last events of the year—but Shoulders has already done as well as a bareback rider, bull rider and all-round cowboy that no one has much chance to catch him. He is almost certain to be the 1957 champion in all three categories, just as he was in 1956. These are Shoulders' specialties: he knows steer wrestling, calf roping and saddle-brake riding to others.

Shoulders grew up not on a ranch but in Tulsa, Okla., where his father owns an auto-body repair shop. He became a cowboy suddenly at 14 when, in a Fourth of July rodeo at Gilman, Okla., he won \$18 and gave up shucking grain for \$15 a week. Now he has a ranch near Henryetta, Okla., a pretty wife named Sharon and three children. Mrs. Shoulders often travels with her husband and cooks for him. She doesn't have to worry about variety. He likes steak, gravy and potatoes for all three meals, every day.

"A fellow wouldn't enjoy it much," says Shoulders bluntly about his profession, "if he didn't make money." Last year he made \$433,381 in 65 rodeos, sometimes chartering a plane to take him from one to the next. It is the highest pay any rodeo cowboy ever got for a season's work. This year,

because of time lost through injuries and a new rule which makes it difficult to appear in two rodeos which are running simultaneously, he will probably earn somewhat less.

"I think rodeo is one of the toughest sports," he says. "Maybe the toughest. In football and these other sports they pay the guy on the bench, but in rodeo you are on your own. There is absolutely no guarantee. You even got to furnish your own equipment and you got to pay entry fees to compete."

"But," he adds, "I like the money in rodeo." And I like the people. I figure on rodeo I'll hard one more year, then letting it go. I'm just like Robinson. [He meant Sugar Ray.] You can't overcome that youth. It's like I said when Buster beat Robinson—you can't overcome that youth."

FRISBEE (CONT.)

A FRISBEE (or Frisbees), as readers of these pages might recall, is a plastic missile the size of a dinner plate but having rather the shape of a garbage can cover. When two or more people skim a Frisbee back and forth among themselves, they can, if they wish, say that they are playing Frisbee. There are no rules for Frisbee, but this deficiency did not faze (or phase) Bob Howey, a 26-year-old Lincoln, Neb., insurance man who staged the first United States Frisbee Matches the other day. A member of the press who was asked to spread the news of the tournament insisted on calling it the National Intercollegiate Frisbee Championships, but Howey said that was incorrect, and since it was his tournament, he and his buddies from the Diamond Bar and Grill could call it anything they wanted to.

The Diamond Bar and Grill is at the



ROADBLOCK

The sports car never had to make an unexpected stop. While cornering at 80, he was cornered by a cop.

—ROGER B. PERRY

corner of Fourteenth and P streets in Lincoln and is the tavern closest to the University of Nebraska campus. It was there that Howey, who picked up the rudiments of Frisbee while attending insurance school in Hartford, Conn., introduced the game to his cronies and discovered that in his absence it had already become a fraternity favorite.

Since the homecoming football game against Kansas was to take place in a few days, Howey thought the United States Frisbee Matches would be just the thing to generate undergraduate and alumni steam. Howey's buddies thought so, too.

"I went to Williams College, the home of Frisbee," said Bud Solter, who plays Frisbee while awaiting his Army call. "I'll be their entry."

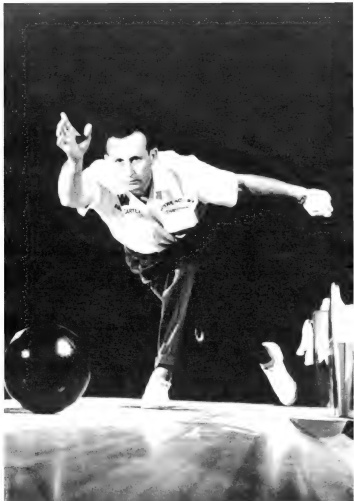
"I'll represent California," said a diving instructor named Gene Collier. "I've been there."

"Put me down as Florida's representative," said Tom Houckin. "I lived there a while."

Chuck Beams, a trucker, called from his booth in the rear that he had attended Princeton and would be delighted to represent the Tigers. So it went, with everybody agreeing to help Howey's tournament in any way possible, even to buying the next round.

The matches were held at 9 on the morning of the Nebraska-Kansas game at the East Hills Club, a suburban Lincoln suburb, after two country clubs had haughtily turned Howey down. Five hundred spectators who had paid 50¢ each were on hand for the spectacle. A 40-mph wind ruined plans for the doubles competition but the singles tournament took place on the lee side of the clubhouse, where the spectators and guests produced some very spectacular Frisbee, indeed. Wayne Brown, a University of Nebraska junior, was declared the winner from among 10 contestants, but when it came time to present the trophies, it was discovered that somebody had swapped them. John Peterson, Lincoln's only Frisbee dealer, who did a whole of a business selling Frisbees at the time, gallantly offered to buy new trophies and thereby saved the day.

"We defend Frisbees, love the game," said Howey, when he was back in the Diamond. "We hope to organize lots of national tournaments, but I guess next year it will be too big for Lincoln. Some Ivy League town will probably grab it off. You know, this started as a joke but it got serious; people are serious about Frisbee. It's a great drinking game. It's even great if you're not drinking, I suppose."



Whether you already average 200, would like to, or simply seek fun and companionship on the lanes, here is a revolutionary guide for you—16 illustrated pages in which Bowling Editor Victor Kalman presents in detail, for the first time, the scientific style of the sport's greatest figure. Your game is bound to improve after you learn the

10 SECRETS OF BOWLING

told by World Champion **DON CARTER**

Illustrated by **ANTHONY RAVIELLI**

DON CARTER," said a leading bowling instructor in 1962, "has an awkward style and an ineffective ball. His performance must be regarded as a fluke." This observation was made in the knowledge of the fact that Carter (pictured at left) had just finished fourth in the All-Star, a tournament whose winner is recognized generally as U.S. match game champion. Then in 1953 Carter won the match game crown and became the first man in history to bowl more than 1,900 pins for nine games in three consecutive American Bowling Congress Championships. Last December he scored an unprecedented third All-Star victory. Some old-line experts still criticize the revolutionary Carter style, though conceding that he is the man to beat in the world championships opening December 4 in Chicago and in the All-Star next January in Minneapolis. "He has awful form," they assert, "but he makes up for it with his uncanny accuracy." The illogic behind such statements is blatant. Carter is accurate because of his style. What he has done, as the following pages reveal, is develop—step by step—a method of bowling which reduces the margin of human error so that the ball will achieve its objective: knock down pins.

None of this came easily. The 4-foot, 190-pound St. Louisan practiced constantly for seven years before he hit the big time; five years more before he proved himself head and shoulders above the field. He still spends from two to 10 hours on the lanes daily. His years of search for better methods, and hours of practice to improve the ones he discovered, have paid off handsomely. His annual income from exhibitions (\$20,000), tournament prize money (\$15,000), television (more than \$10,000), endorsements and other fees (\$10,000), plus promotion-department salaries from Anheuser-Busch (Budweiser) Brewery and the

Brunswick-Balke-Clender Co., make him one of the highest paid men in sports. He also is president of two corporations which recently erected plush bowling establishments in St. Louis and Rockford, Ill. His wife, LaVerne, a former Hollywood starlet, is among the nation's best women bowlers. Kathy, 7, and Jimmy, 3, already show promise of following their parents' shuffle to stardom.

Carter was born in St. Louis 31 years ago. A stellar all-round athlete, he felt certain his future lay in sports. He tried baseball first, but gave it up when, as pitcher-outfielder for a Philadelphia A's farm club, his weight dropped from 180 to 140 in a single season. Like many ballplayers, he had bowled to strengthen his arm. "and I found myself getting better and better," he recalled recently. "After quitting baseball I began devoting practically all my waking hours to bowling." In January 1932, aged 25, he qualified for the All-Star from St. Louis and made a good enough showing to receive a bid from a top Detroit team. From that point on, competing weekly against the biggest names in the sport, he worked even harder to improve his game. He did not stop experimenting when he returned to St. Louis three years ago to join the Budweisers, nor has he stopped studying the game today. In the illustrated guide starting on the next page, Carter and Artist Anthony Ravielli show you, in lucid detail, 10 of the reasons why he is the world's best bowler—and how you can radically improve your game. Although Carter deals entirely with fundamentals—"Learn them first and the rest comes easy," he says—you can pick up valuable information there, no matter how good a bowler you are. And to the champion it is a matter of pure delight that the same instructor who laughed at his "bent arm" form in 1962 is teaching the Carter method today.

1 The Grip



The first basic step toward proficiency is to grip the ball properly. Place your thumb in the thumb hole first, as deeply as it will go without your having to force it. It should feel comfortable.



Rest your fingers naturally on the ball, as illustrated above. As they cross the finger holes, the first joints of the middle and third fingers should extend about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch past the edge of the holes.



Now, without rotating your thumb, place your fingers in the holes. Note that mine grip the ball between the first and the second joints. I have found this grip to be most natural and most effective.



My "secret weapon," as far as gripping the ball is concerned, is to crook my pinky. This acts as a cushion for the ball, relieving strain on the fingers. More important, it increases accuracy.



Here is another view of the hand, illustrating how the little finger is eliminated from play so that it cannot "turn" the ball at the point of release. Keep the wrist firm to avoid violent hooking.

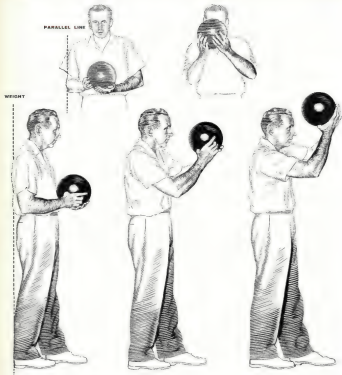
2 The Stance



RIGHT ANGLE TO FOUL LINE

In bowling, unlike fiction, you must have a perfect beginning and a smooth middle course to achieve a happy end. The start, or "stance," will fulfill two vital aims: you locate a starting position on the lane and get ready to address your target. I stand just behind the 12-foot marker, my left foot slightly in front of the right and the toe on a direct line with the No. 3 pin. If alley conditions warrant, I may move as many as five boards to the right or left, but for my first ball—the strike shot—my left foot is never to the left of the head pin. Note that the ball is supported by my left hand to ease strain. Shoulders are parallel with the foul line and eyes see only the target. Now I am set for . . .

3 The Address



These stages, given the once-overlightly treatment even by better teachers, is one of the most important to your game. A mistake here will be costly, for your ball is heavy and it is all but impossible to correct errors once it—and you—are in motion. In the illustration at the left I'm in the stance position, with my weight

on the right foot. I lift the ball above eye level, then move it to the right so that my right arm is close to, and parallel with, my side. As I lower the ball to the starting position (figure at right) I lean forward slightly and my weight shifts to the left foot. Note that my right arm is free to swing like a pendulum without danger



WEIGHT FORWARD



PARALLEL LINE



of the ball, breaking again on top or through the front of my body. With my wrist firm, I can keep the ball in an arc, true from moment of motion to point of release. If I kept my ball in front of me, as most bowlers do, I would have to swing it to the right later, and thus lose control. I am now ready for the approach.

4 First Step



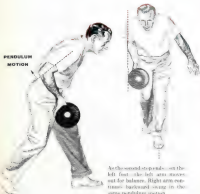
Push the ball straight ahead and shuffle forward at the same moment, onto your right foot. Always move forward in a perfectly straight line.



PARALLEL
LINE

Now that my left hand is on the ball throughout the first step, this not only helps me to push away the ball, but it keeps the ball in its arc.

6 Third Step

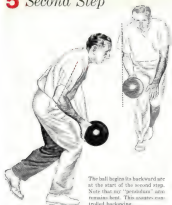


As the second step ends... on the left foot... the left arm moves out for balance. Right arm continues backward swing in the same pendulum motion.

PENDULUM
MOTION



5 Second Step



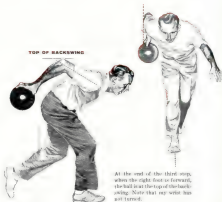
The ball begins its backward arc at the start of the second step. Note that my "pendulum" arm remains bent. This creates controlled backswing.



Because of the way I bend my arms, many people think I push the ball. Actually, the arm swing is free, originating at the shoulder. Try it.



Until this point you rarely have leaned forward. Now the body starts to bend and your speed accelerates slightly. The big moment is nearing.



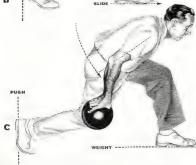
TOP OF BACKSWING

At the end of the third step, when the right foot is forward, the ball is at the top of the backswing. Note that my wrist has not turned.

7 Fourth Step



Up to here you have generated and stored power—and now you are ready to release it. At the start of the fourth step (A) the weight is on your right foot. Your right arm and left foot move forward simultaneously. As the step, generally referred to as a "slide," continues (B), some of your weight shifts to the ball of your left foot, but the right carries most of the load. The right, in fact, pushes your body forward as you slide on your leather-soled left shoe. Now (C) the weight gradually is taken by the left foot; the right's work now is mainly to balance.



Your left foot in the above figure (C) should be on the same board that you started from when you addressed your target, 12 feet and four steps ago.

B Slide and Stop



Experts generally consider the complete "stop" either as the end of the fourth step or as part of the "release." It is treated as a separate stage here because few bowlers are aware of the pitfalls at this critical point. During the fourth step, your weight has gradually shifted to the ball of your left foot. Now, your right foot gives a final push and leaves the floor. Your entire weight is on your left foot. Your left arm and right knee help balance you. As your right arm, accelerated by the weight of the ball, swings up to your left foot, you apply weight on the left rubber heel, bringing you to a stop. This is the point at which the ball starts sliding off your fingers.



This is the crucial moment; the right arm must be back and pointing to exactly the same spot. It is crucial to watch back.



PARALLEL TO TARGET

RIGHT ANGLE
TO POOL LINE

Now, swing your left foot back to ground and maintain a strong support under it. Focus on the back of the foot.

9 The Release

Now that we have reached the crucial point in delivering the ball, let us review what we have done—and why. The mechanics will come easier if you understand the reason for each move. The idea, oversimply stated, is to start from 12 to 15 feet behind the foul line, approach the line, then roll the ball so that it will knock down all the pins. To do this with any degree of consistency, it is necessary to bowl in exactly the same way every time; in other words, keep the ball in the same arc. The key actions to meet this objective are: swing your arm freely, in pendulum fashion, and approach the foul line in a straight line with your eyes on the target and shoulders parallel with it. Thus, while addressing the target pins I consciously place the ball to my right side—by first breaking my line of vision to the target. This forces me to pause. Before adopting this measure, I used to hurry to the foul line, pushing the ball out and to the right as I stepped forward, with the result that the ball often wound up either behind me or too far from

my body. Your arm cannot act like a pendulum *every time* unless its initial forward movement (first step) is directly to the front. The wrist also affects this motion. If your wrist is too loose, the weight of the ball will sway your arm from its intended path. The drawings on the left show how slightly my wrist turns during the entire delivery. From address to just before release it holds the same position (A). I start releasing the ball at the precise moment that the ball, which has been on a downward arc through the fourth step, reaches my left foot. The thumb comes out first. I "lift" the ball with my fingers, which gives my wrist a natural turn (B) of an inch or so. My hand continues its upward swing after the ball has been released. Thus, the ball crosses the foul line on an upward arc. Many good bowlers twist or snap their wrists upon releasing the ball. Do not try to copy them. They merely are compensating for some other bad habit, or sacrificing accuracy for unnecessary power. You do not need a wide, or sharp, hook to knock down pins.



10 *The Follow-Through*



This is one of the most important, yet ignored, stages of the delivery. Follow through, or your smooth approach will have been wasted. Note "lift" by fingers, which requires open chest to the ball.

Sequence: From Start to Finish

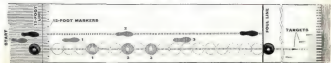


Study these figures, from stance to follow-through, and you will see that my delivery is one coordinated motion; I divided it into 10 parts in this article simply to explain what was occurring at each key stage. There are no steps, as such, in the delivery. You shuffle, or flow, toward the foul line, as if you and your ball were dancing partners. Note that at no point, until the release, does either foot leave the floor. As a result, my head lowers gradually and continuously from stance through release, then raises with the opening. If I actually took steps, my head would bobble—and

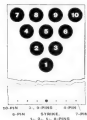
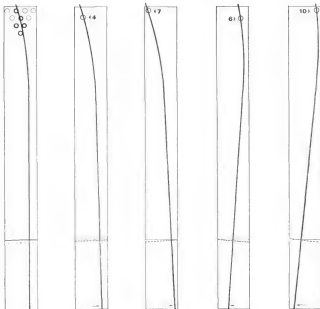
so would the ball, moving it out of its intended arc. You see here, too, the importance of bending my arms. I cannot overstate its fault caused by too high a buckwing; and it is far easier to control the ball. If you have ever swung a Yo-yo you know that the less swing you allow, the easier it is to keep the Yo-yo in a constant arc. The same applies to less arm swing. The illustration on the opposite page shows the path of my feet and ball. My target, you see, is close to the line, therefore easy to hit. If my ball goes over the target, it most likely will knock down the pins.



The follow-through will come naturally if you "throw" your hand toward the target. Your hands will be in a "holding hands" position. Keep this position until the ball is well down the line.



Paths to the Targets



The figure also shows the path of my ball to the "strike zone" and various pins. At the left corner, where I stand for each putt, look. Now, the diagram of the ball line for the putt. This is an imaginary line, with which my shoulders remain parallel throughout the putt. No one can tell exactly when to stand for each putt. My spot will not be the same as yours; your ball will come in from the same. The old general rule regarding spurs bowling is this: move to right of center when the target pins are on the left side of the line, to left of center when the pins are on the right. Now, then, to sum up. Never take your eyes off your target—whether it is a spot on the line, an area, or the pins themselves. Always move forward in a straight line, shoulders parallel to your feet line and ball held in the same groove. Follow these basic rules and you will be balanced at the 1-stroke mark, and then the ball. Then follow through, and hold your position at least a second or two after the ball has gone.

BEGINNERS: Turn to page 44



Great welcome makes a merry feast

12 YEAR OLD

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Now for beginners: Don Carter

answers 13 questions

Q. *Is it true that anyone can bowl?*

A. Yes. The nation's 20 million bowlers include children aged 5, women of 90, the lame and the blind.

Q. *Where can I find a clean, modern bowling center?*

A. If you live in a city of 20,000 population or more, your telephone directory almost certainly will list at least one. There are more than 10,000 establishments in the United States.

Q. *What equipment do I need?*

A. Wear clothes that will allow your arms and legs freedom of movement. For men a sports shirt will do. For women I suggest a dress or blouse-skirt combination. Slacks are acceptable in some parts of the country. All you need after that are special bowling shoes and a ball—and these will be available at the lanes. Shoes are rented for 19¢ to 25¢. There is no charge for the use of balls. If you plan to bowl regularly, you should buy your own equipment. The ball is especially important, because a "house" ball will fit your hand exactly.

Q. *Is it an expensive pastime?*

A. Each game, or five, costs 49¢ to 50¢. If you are with a group of six or eight persons it will take longer to bowl three games than to see a movie. Your custom-fitted ball, at a cost of \$24.95, could last you a lifetime. Shoes are priced at \$4.95 and up.

Q. *Why do I need special shoes?*

A. You must slide to the foul line on your left foot (see the fourth step, page 38). Your left shoe, therefore, has a leather sole and composition rubber heel. Your right shoe is all rubber. (If you are left-handed, the opposite is true.) Furthermore, rubber heels of ordinary street shoes will leave marks on the approaches. These may trip, and certainly would distract, other bowlers.

Q. *How heavy is a ball?*

A. It weighs from 10 to 16 pounds. Junior balls weigh nine.

Q. *I have heard that the heavier the ball, the better my chances of knocking down pins. Is this true?*

A. Only to a point. You should not use a ball that feels uncomfortably heavy, because you will lose in accuracy much more than you will gain in power. If the weight of the ball forces your wrist to turn or your shoulder to drop before the release, you will be off balance at the foul line. Try balls of varying weights until you find one that feels most comfortable. Let me add, however, that "house" balls always feel heavier than

your own. Because of improper fit the fingers undergo strain, tiring the arm. Generally speaking, most men have no difficulty with a 16-pound ball and most women are capable of rolling 14- to 15-pounders. Women weighing in the neighborhood of 100 pounds should try lighter balls.

Q. *Where can I learn more about the game?*

A. You can get qualified instruction at most local bowling establishments. There usually is no charge for lessons.

Q. *When is the best time to practice?*

A. In the mornings or afternoons, after 11 at night and any hour Saturdays or Sundays. Practically all bowling centers have regularly scheduled leagues between 5 and 11 p.m.

Q. *How good must I become before I can join a league?*

A. You could start league competition almost at once. Your local proprietor might have an opening in a handicap league in which you would participate on an equal basis with other bowlers. Bowling is a fine game, but its thrills are multiplied many times when you bowl against someone else.

Q. *You mean I could learn the game that soon?*

A. You probably will bowl between 50 and 100 your first game. Your improvement after that will depend upon how much time and effort you are willing to spend practicing.

Q. *What do you consider a good average?*

A. The American Bowling Congress, which has more than 2 million members—all league bowlers whose scores are computed weekly—reports that the national average is 154. My guess is that if they developed a smooth delivery, based on the principles I set down in this SPORTS ILLUSTRATED series, most twice-a-week bowlers would average at least 180. Women would score about 10 pins less. I consider these good averages. To bowl on a top major league team, however, you would have to average 200.

Q. *How long is the bowling season?*

A. Air-conditioning and automatic pin-setting machines have practically eliminated seasons in bowling. Today it is a yearlong, around-the-clock sport. A so-called winter league usually starts in early September and continues 35 or 36 weeks, well into May, when summer league competition begins for 11 or 12 weeks. If there is no spot in a league now, I suggest that you learn the fundamentals and enroll for summer competition. (CME)

ON THE BOWL'S RIM

That there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip was well proved last week. Texas saw its hopes for drinking the nectar of the Cotton Bowl fade away in a lackluster tie with Baylor (see below). Oregon, by losing to the Washington Huskies, demonstrated that its Rose Bowl date is by no means assured. Duke, in its sluggish tie with N.C., lost its ground in its march toward the Orange Bowl but looked to be much less of a threat to the big winners from Oklahoma, which cemented its 1968 conference Big Eight title. The Ohio State Buckeyes, on the other hand, proved they have the proper credentials to represent the Big Ten in Pasadena on New Year's Day.

LOST HOPE: The University of Texas saw its Southwest title and Cotton Bowl hopes slip away on the one-foot line in this fourth down play against underdog Baylor University. Longhorn Halfback George Blanch (41) was stopped hard by Baylor

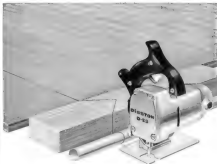
Quarterback Doyle Traylor (11) and Guard Charles Bennett (60) after attempting to handle the line. Baylor trailed until the fourth quarter, when Fullback Larry Hickman scored from one yard out and Junior Beall kicked the point after touchdown for T-7 tie.





LOST OPPORTUNITY: Ohio State's Danny Frank '56, in dark jersey, throws a bone-crushing block on Purdue Linebacker Neil Hsieh (33), who was only twelve with chance to stop Fullback Bob White (33) at scrimmage. White scampered 21 yards to Purdue's 16 before being nailed. Blocking like this gave Buckeye 20-7 victory, opened path to Rose Bowl.

FOR MORE FOOTBALL, TURN PAGE



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the second 27. The Huskies scored on the very next play, however, and went on to win the ball game 17-7, their biggest victory in the history of the 36-game series

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of the Baker's 41. 12 out of Northwestern's Harkhart, a substitute quarterback, entered the game in the first quarter after Northwestern had taken a 6-9 lead and

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AFTER YOU, ALPHONSE

by MARTIN KANE

Merle's hero, Raul Macias, conceded the long-disputed world bantamweight championship to a cool little Frenchman

THE ENTERTAINMENT CHAMPIONSHIP of the world is of small importance these days in the United States, which has not a single contender ranked among the first 10—three Filipinos, two Mexicans, two Italians, a Japanese, a Cuban and an Englishman. It is a pity that the bantams get so little attention here, for they are

fast and good, and many of them can punch well enough to knock out another 116-pounder from time to time. Furthermore, on a television screen they loom just as large as a couple of slow, fumbling heavyweights.

The undisputed bantam champion of the world is now Alphonse Halimi, a curly-haired French-Algerian Jew

who has followed the tailor's trade and can find a hole in a tight defense as nicely as he can thread a needle. The other night at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, where he took a confusingly split decision from the Mexican Raul Macias (who had been recognized as world champion in Mexico, the Philippines,

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BOXING

continued

Japan, Canada and, to a large extent, in the United States, Halimi showed 20,000 paying fans and millions of television watchers what a good fighter is supposed to know and be able to do. This is not seen too often these days.

He was, for one thing, in superb condition. The night before the fight he had a pulse of 40. On the morning of the fight it was down to an astonishing 35. He was able thereby to go 15 rounds at top speed and in the closing rounds take full advantage of Marías' inability to maintain the torrid pace. Aside from condition, Halimi showed the skills of a champion. He based from a hands-up defense, beat an exhausting tattoo on his opponent's body inside and finally showed himself supremely able to handle his man at long range.

Organized cheering

Chilly Wrigley Field was thronged with Mexicans in fight and festiveness. A visa count showed at least 8,000 of them were from south of the border, some from as far south as Yucatan, joined by many from the Los Angeles area. They had come by plane, train, car, bus and broken-down truck from Mexico City and border towns like Tijuana. With them came a full complement of noisemakers—drums, horns and leather lungs. Organized cheering is not often heard at prizefights, but the Mexicans had cheerleaders, including one similarly known as El Muertero (The Undertaker) because of his black costume topped by a magnificent black and silver sombrero. Prefight atmosphere took on the aspects of a football game as El Muertero, a rooster tufted symbolically under his arm, waved his sombrero to the raucous of:

"¡Vigilante has a fe his'

Bas bas a la bi, a la ba

"Rufes Rufes ra, ra, ra."

Raton, of course, is Marías' nickname. It means little mouse, and by the end of the first round there was a raton on his left eye.

For 10 rounds the two little men fought head to head, for all the world like hucks with locked horns in rutting season. The sentimentally favored Marías had chosen this strategy apparently in the belief that his fine defense and fast hands would work to his advantage in close. They did, up to a point, but Halimi accepted the strategy because it gave him a chance to punish his man in the body, wearing him down with hard left hooks to the

continued



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BOXING

continued

side and smashing rights under the heart. The Mexican's elbows and arms caught many such punches but not enough. And so, coming out for the 11th round with most cards against him, Halimi calmly took over the strategy, taking advantage of his superior condition and of the fact that he had absorbed scarcely any punishment. He had been a slugging infighter up to now, a man to remind you somewhat of a colder-blooded Carmen Basilio. But in the 11th the crowd saw no slugging but a fancy Don rise from his stool and follow a slick, run and counter-punch style that baffled the non-head-to-head Marcos.

On the cards of the two judges, the Frenchman took all five of these rounds. On the card of Referee Masny Collihan, who refereed well but gave a mushy decision for Marcos, the last round was declared even, the others for Halimi. So anyway it was a Garrison finish, planned for a stretch victory.

It was also the end of an international dispute that has foiled solutions since Australian Jimmy Carruthers retired with the title and a bit of money in 1934. Since then the title has been highly controversial, with absolutely no fighting between claimants to it. The fighting has in fact been between official bodies like the European Boxing Union and the United States' own National Boxing Association, each protesting that it had correctly designated the world champion. But the designated champions refused to meet each other until Halimi, victor over Italian Muno D'Amato, and Marcos, victor over Thaiander Chamern Songkitrat, agreed to settle it once and for all.

Halimi's history is almost unconfused

continued



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BOXING

by Dave Karger

as the tale. Born in Constantine, Algeria, the son of a carpenter, he was only nine when his parents fled to France, where he was adopted by a family. He was set out at the age of 7 to make his way in a new country that he might someday know what it was like to sleep in a bed. A family in Algiers took him into its home, and he was raised as the younger brother of a 15-year-old named Marcelle. When Marcelle married, she adopted Alphonse as her son. Subsequently, when Alphonse was 10, she divorced her husband and retained custody of the boy. Alphonse became a tailor's assistant, then took up boxing and now is able to support his mother and sister and to send his mother money to live in her home in Algeria. His personal hero is boxer Nasser (Jimmy) Brown—was—the late Marcel Cerdan, a former world middleweight champion, who was killed in a plane crash.

Soldary defeat

Halimi's record of 22 professional fights is deceptive. He has had, as near as anyone can tell, 185 amateur fights, maybe more. His victory over Maria D'Agata was distinguished by a fist that broke out in the ring in the third round. The fight went on, after an interruption, to a triumph for Halimi. Halimi's only professional defeat has been at the hands of the English featherweight, Jimmy Carson, a nine-round TKO caused by cuts.

After his fight with Marias, Halimi was all but unmarked. There was a lavender bump over his right eye, apparently caused by an accidental butt—for this was a very clean fight—and no other signs, not even a scratch. It was, in fact, that he had been through 15 rounds of unrelenting combat.

As for Marias, he and his closest supporters drenched the ring with tears. His left eye was half closed, his nose bloodied and his heart broken. For the fierce fans who had trooped over the border to cheer him on to a glorious victory had believed in the closing rounds that Marias was a beaten little mouse and had no chance of winning. Their shoes turned to toes. They even booed Mushy Callahan's incompetent bookends.

El Muerte, whose black eyes are his traditionally symbolized death, is disappointed. El Halimi, contemplating tomorrow he may spend months in a Mexican victory.

"The roughest night," El Muerte announced.

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The Outboard Outburst

Engines and boats are bigger for 1982, but the biggest news is the first diesel authorized ever

by THOMAS H. LINEWEAVER

THE American penchant for going T-planes fast and comfortably is something that has been recognized at least marginally by those now being engaged in its realization. But the most noticeable of the growing attitudes of the past year, perhaps the past decade, is the growing acceptance of the first diesel-powered outboard engine, a two-cylinder, well-known, 22-hp. outboard, diesel motor, which will soon be offered to the public by American MARE, a company of the research company, Evinrude, Inc., of Racine, Wis. In the American MARE, they will also be getting a design in which the fuel is precombusted, saving the bulk of diesel combustion chambers, and a spare-saving, weight-saving, two-plank-in-one cylinder. More, in this unique engine, the cylinder drains itself of exhaust gases so will without the valves and scavenging pumps demanded in conventional diesel design. Herein, the diesel has been too heavy and cumbersome to be used in outboard production, but these innovations give back the power in salt the space. The first production model will be an engine rated at 71.5 hp. More powerful engines will be developed, possibly by adding extra cylinders to the in-line construction, are planned for the future. Cost of the Evinrude model will be about 25% above that of a comparable gas engine, or about \$1,200.

doi:10.1017/S0022292410000509

HOW THE DIESEL WORKS

At about the same time, the first intake ports for 2 when pistons 8 are in dead center. As pistons 8 move upward on power stroke, they block third intake ports 6 and compression chambers 4. As stroke continues, ports pass exhaust ports 8, and finally gas in above can

Next instant, transfer parts to open and compress air in chamber pushes into cylinder, forcing off compression gases and forcing charge of fresh air for next stroke. Piston starts back on return stroke, closing transfer and exhaust ports. Fresh air in cylinder is compressed. Spark occurs from pre-ignition chamber and explosion forces upper piston to right, forcing exhaust gases out. Right-hand shaft transmits power via gear train to drive shaft. ■

THE MIGHTY

High-domed Mercury Mark 78-40 is the biggest production outboard on the market. Its six cylinders deliver 50 hp, yet by stacking one cylinder on top of another in an in-line design (the engine head is so narrow that two Mark 78s can be easily mounted side by side on a 38-inch transom, giving water skiers as well as heli cruisers (next page) speeds up to 40 mph. By arranging the connecting rods so that no two pistons thrust backward or forward at the same time, the 78 vibrates far less than might be expected of such a powerful unit. Rubber mounts to reduce vibration even further. Besides these innovations, the Mercury six-cylinder is the first production motor that can be run in reverse from pistons through to propeller. In conventional engines the propeller is reversed through a system of gears; in the Mark 78 the crankshaft itself reverses its direction and the engine runs backward. As a result, all controls—starting, throttle and directional shifting can be centralized in one lever. List price for the Mark 78: \$890.



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OUTBOARDS continued

GOOD NEWS

As outboard motors grow bigger and more powerful, boatbuilders have been able to design bigger, faster, roomier hulls to go with them. This has been good news to budget-conscious men, who have been ready for bigger boats for a long time but until recently have not had engines that were powerful enough to push them. All of this good fortune, however, has not been shared by the nation's 20-odd million fishermen, who often describe themselves as forgotten men when it comes to outboard hulls.

Their lament has had considerable foundation. In the scramble to build and market interesting hulls, manufacturers have tended to concentrate on high-fashion weekend cruisers, many of which are not at all well adapted to fishing. At least, that is the opinion of the anglers, particularly those who fish on salt water or large inland lakes and have some strong utilitarian ideas about outboard boats.

First of all, they want a large cockpit in which they can move around with freedom. Second, they want plenty of storage space for their fishing gear. They are likely to have no use whatever for decorative, protruding

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FOR FISHERMEN

features that may foul a fishing line and have no practical function. And they certainly have no use whatever for a boat that gives its occupants a heavy soaking and a good scare, or worse, in hard weather.

The Trojan Bimini-22, pictured below, is a member of a stout, new breed of outboard cruisers that has been designed specifically for the practical angler. Built by the Trojan Boat Company, Lancaster, Pa., it illustrates as well as any stock boat on the market today the fact that an inexpensive outboard can be strong and able enough for fall fishing weather.

The Bimini is 22 feet long, with an eight-foot beam and a cockpit big enough to warm the heart of even a tuna fisherman. It is strongly ribbed with oak and is planked with mahogany and plywood. With its deep, nicely flared bow, a tandem seat in a heavy chop. In the cabin there is a head, two bunks and space for either fishing tackle or a galley stove. Best of all, the Bimini can take an angler wherever he wants to go. In it he can troll for striped bass outside the yard at Wrightsville Beach, N.C., or for school

tuna in Cape Cod Bay. He can cruise the Gulf Stream off Palm Beach for sailfish, or tackle marlin in the blue water off Guaymas, Arizona, down without sending his wife or the Coast Guard into a nervous decline every time the wind starts to blow. The only limitations are those imposed by the pleasure and maintenance maintenance ship of the skipper.

As sturdy as the Bimini is, however, the Trojan company has no intention of stopping at 22 feet. Now that 30- and 70-horsepower motors are available, Trojan is scheduling a 27-foot outboard cruiser for production, and another company, LePage-Craft of Maple Grove, Quebec, recently launched a 31-foot behemoth. The LePage 31 is not a boat for quiet days on quiet lakes but is primarily a pleasure cruiser rather than a fisherman and most will be regarded as a competitive stage as far as outboard motor power is concerned. The Bimini-22, however, is a good enough water lion, one that any weekend boatowner would like to have for use runs into deep water and one that any weekend motorist can use for the relatively modest price of \$2,545.

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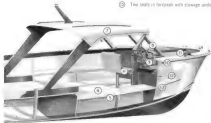
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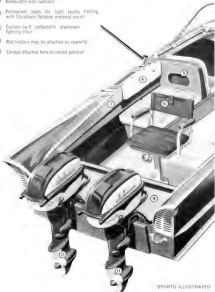
OFFSHORE MIDGET

All the design news in fishing boats this year is not for cruiser men. For example, the sleek, compact runabout below, with its bristling outriggers and sturdy fighting chair, is tailor-made for the low-budget deep-sea angler by Feather Craft, Inc. of Atlanta, Georgia. It is one of the few stock runabouts that mounts a fighting chair and outriggers—equipment usually found only on 26-foot-plus inboard cruisers. Yet the light, compact Feather Craft,

fully equipped, can easily be towed from port to port behind an auto and launched from a beach or ramp. The hull is 60S magnesium-aluminum sheet reinforced with extruded ribs, which is both exceedingly strong and easily repaired if punctured. It weighs only 425 pounds without engines, yet it is 15 feet 10 inches long, with a beam of 6 feet. The cockpit is roomy and storage space remarkably ample for a small boat. Built-in Styrofoam deta-

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- ⑥ Custom built, collapsible aluminum fighting chair
- ⑦ Rod holders may be attached on coaming
- ⑧ Canopy attaches here in raised position
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- ⑩ Handles for beaching boat
- ⑪ Twin outboards for quick speed and safety in offshore fishing



tion increases the buoyancy of the boat and makes it virtually unsinkable. The transom can take a twin engine installation, and two 35-horsepower outboards will push the Clipper over 35 knots.

Specifically, the Feather-Craft Clipper is adapted for the angler who wants to run out into comparatively open water and still be able to high-tail it for home if bad weather starts brewing. Buzzards Bay, the Florida Keys, La Paz in Mexico or California's Catalina Channel are waters where the Clipper can prove its mettle. Completely outfitted with outriggers, fighting chair and ratas top it sells for only \$5,299.

CLIPPER



Optional for sale gear: outriggers (shown folded through cap on main keelson beam and secured to fly with stainless steel reinforcing plate).



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continued from page 21

Atkins High School in Texas to the Oklahoma campus has the poise, training and experience of a college sophomore in nearly any other section of the country.

The country and the football curriculum produce a curiously consistent pattern in players. If you visit the Oklahoma dressing room, you are, at first, a bit surprised that the players are not bigger. The tallest player on the Oklahoma squad, for instance, is Guard Bill Krisher, who weighs a mere 211 pounds. But then you notice that, while the muscles of these athletes are not as bulky as those you find in a Big Ten dressing room, the players are rust in the leathery, stringy, tough mold of the leathern cattle which lived on carcases and a spoonful of water during the early days of Texas and Oklahoma. They look lean and hard, and the soft sound of their speech comes as a surprise. They have the spare toughness of a mesquite tree and the endurance of a coyote, and they have a deep affection for their wind-swept, rugged homeland. They come from ranches and small farms and from backbreaking work on oil rigs and from a country where courage is an expected and usual quality.

It would never occur to the high school youth of Oklahoma and Texas to seek employment among the teams of the Big Ten or the Southwest raised in the red clay and sand; they have a former's attachment to the homeland, and they prefer to remain close to it. This predilection simplifies recruiting for the big schools of the Southwest Conference and for Oklahoma. They have no competition from major colleges elsewhere in the U.S. because the other institutions long ago discovered that the most generous recruitment was inadequate against the sectional hostility of the Southwest.

Oklahoma is in a peculiarly favorable position to mine this rich territory. In the Southwest Conference, recruiting pressures became so tremendous on the high school youngsters of that area a few years ago that the very powerful University Interscholastic League, which runs the Texas high school football program, laid down some stringent new restrictions on college recruiting. One of the things the league insisted on was the letter of intent—in effect, a contract between the college and the prospect saying that the football player will, in exchange

continued



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for the customary athletic scholarship, attend no other college in the Southwest Conference. Once a youngster has signed such a letter of intent, the other colleges in the SWC must leave him be.

The Big Eight Conference, of which Oklahoma is a member, has no such prescription. Consequently, a letter of intent signed by a Texas player does not relieve him of the courtship of Oklahoma. Indeed, Texas schools have often accused Oklahoma of capitalizing on their letter of intent as a device for snuffing away promising Texas high school stars until the Oklahoma scouts can get around to making the young man a better offer. They like to point to the recent case of Jerry Tubbs, Oklahoma's All-America center last year.

In 1953 Tubbs had signed a letter of intent with Baylor University, and the crowd of college scouts who had boxed up in his home town of Breckenridge, Texas, toothily departed. In September of that year Tubbs had a change of heart and decided the college he really wanted to attend was Oklahoma, so he tossed his copy of the letter of intent with Baylor in the wastebasket and hid himself to Norman. A bitter Baylor alumnus claimed that an Oklahoma banker had planned a \$12,000 nest egg in the bank for Tubbs to induce him to change his mind, but the NCAA, which was investigating Oklahoma at the time, found no such bank account. The NCAA did, however, rap Oklahoma gently on the knuckles for three minor violations of its code and put the university on probation for two years. The violations: Oklahoma had given an extra year's scholarship to athletes who transferred more than the customary four years—presumably because they were underprivileged with football—to wind up their studies in the times-consuming performance-gymnastics-contestant-in-the-competition-juggle-the-weights-of-the-world style. (The school's basketball and wrestling squads were "practically" eliminated, and the case was dropped.) Consequently, Oklahoma's basketball team was ineligible for a trip back home after the weekend.

The charge that Oklahoma has subverted the letter of intent to its own best interests has been hotly debated. Oklahoma's defense maintains, however, that a choice high school prospect will often sign with a Southwest Conference school just to get the platoon of football ivory hunters out of his parents' front parlor, but that he real desire all along has been to attend the



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University of Oklahoma if he got an inevitable offer. Nonetheless, coaches in the Southeast Conference still tend to regard the Oklahoma recruitment as the worst-kept secret in college basketball, since Parade Magazine up to the rails from Mexico.

When Homer Jones, Oklahoma's assistant coach, appeared in front of a press before the Southeast Conference meeting this year with a proposal to work out some kind of nonaggression pact between Oklahoma and the SEC, he was turned down cold after an hour-and-a-half session. Jones's somewhat-lopsided power offer proposed that the Texas colleges and Oklahoma respect each other's staked-out territories among Texas basketball players and that Texas schools quit poaching entirely in Oklahoma. Since Texas colleges seldom send prospect scouts to Oklahoma, the SEC coach said that this gave Oklahoma essentially the same one-sided privilege it has enjoyed for the last 10 years—particularly toward Texas. As a result, Oklahoma has a no-poaching agreement with Southern Methodist only; SMU does not raid the SEC's grounds and consequently Oklahoma may have won the agreement, in its entirety, since, in the two cases this year to break the two schools were after the same players, one, Southern Methodist enrolled four and Oklahoma one.

Little by little, the type of the usual Oklahoma recruiting performance, which was efficiently organized as if it is an art bill, Oklahoma's contact work with high school athletes is divided equally among Assistant Coaches Sam Ely, Ted Youngling and Eddie Chisler, while Assistant Coach Homer Jones, who is also assistant athletic director, handles the desk work back at Norman and seldom goes into the field. While the assistants do not work in sharply drawn territories, Chisler usually concentrates on Oklahoma City and the northern half of the state, Youngling on south and south-eastern Oklahoma, and Ely on southwestern Oklahoma and west Texas, with Youngling occasionally visiting Texas prospects, too. A familiar story in Texas college circles is that SMU has four red airplanes for the exclusive use of its coaching staff on quick forays into Texas; actually, the coaches from occasion use a university plane for an emergency trip to handle a wavering prospect, but the planes are the property of the University of Oklahoma System and are only two or three. University officials insist that the

Continued



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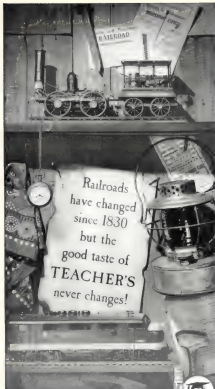
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continued

coaching staff has only third priority—after the president's office and the extension service—but it is unlikely that this strict protocol is observed when a high-searing halfback is about to slip out of the Oklahoma dragon.

\$ = REWARD

Oklahoma has much to offer prospective football players without throwing in \$12,000 bank accounts or Cadillacs. To an Oklahoma football player, a successful football career can do much to relieve financial cares during his undergraduate days and simultaneously furnish a springboard toward truly impressive financial achievements in later life. This is oil country, and to provide the petroleum industry with the geologists and engineers it needs, the University of Oklahoma claims it has the world's largest petroleum geology school and says it has turned out over 2,400 of the nation's geologists—one-fourth of all those in the petroleum industry and one-fifth of all the geologists in the Western Hemisphere. The football player who studies geology at Oklahoma has summer jobs open to him with the big petroleum companies like Kerr-McGee Oil Co. and Phillips Petroleum, for whom he can work on drilling rigs as a roughneck. While the hourly pay (\$1.32) is not high, the rigs work around the clock and overtime is available in nearly unlimited amounts, so that an average weekly pay check is around \$100. The work is hard and physically demanding and perilous (but not so dangerous that OU has ever lost a player) but the rewards are big enough so that a football player is expected to return to the campus in September with at least \$300 saved from this summer work to cushion him against the financial burdens he must carry while occupied with both football and studies. It is carefully pointed out to the most desirable long-haired football prospects that the kind of opportunity available to an oil graduate—and especially to one who has given his all for OU football for four years—is to be found in the career of Harry Moore, who was a senior on the 1930 Oklahoma team. Moore, a boy from a poor family, was graduated with a degree in petroleum engineering in 1931. He worked on salary for a year for another Oklahoma graduate named Eddie Childs, an oilman in west Texas. Then he branched out into speculating on oil leases, with the help

of other OU graduates in the oil business. Now he owns an interest in some 36 oil wells and two strings of expensive oil well drilling tools and is well on his way to becoming a very wealthy man who will keep the cycle going by assisting other deserving young OU football players. To make sure that prospective athletes get the point, the Oklahoma football press book, an annual compendium of facts and figures about the current team, carries a list of 47 players of the last 10 years, describing their success in business since graduation. By way of contrast, Princeton, in its 83th season of intercollegiate football and with some pretty successful football graduates of its own, is content to talk only of the 1897 squad in its press book. Naturally enough, the graduates of OU football have, for the most part, found their success in the oil business.

The 75 to 80 scholarships awarded Oklahoma football players are standard in the Big Eight Conference: board, room, tuition, books, fees and laundry money. They cost the university an average of around \$75 to \$80 per month, except in the case of Texas athletes, who cost an additional \$200 per year to cover the tuition charged out-of-state students. Most of this scholarship expense is defrayed by the Touchdown Club of Oklahoma, which contributes a good deal more to the success of Oklahoma football than the annual check it sends to the school to be administered by school officials.

The Touchdown Club comprises some 900 members, who are scattered all over Oklahoma and Texas and as far away as oil is found. Dues are \$50 per year giving the club \$45,000 per year to operate on. Administrative expenses run around \$8,000 to \$10,000 per year, and this takes care of an office in downtown Oklahoma City run by a manager and secretary. They keep the membership advised of the progress of OU football and handle ticket allocations.

The membership of the Touchdown Club includes practically all of the influential citizenry of the state—men like Henry Browne, president of the club and also president of the Oklahoma Coca-Cola Bottling Company; Eugene Jordan, an attorney and president of the City Bus Co.; Ray Dale Jones, a wealthy oil operator; and Mark Dykema, president of the Progress Brewery. Among the most useful assets of the Touchdown Club is the tremendous power and prestige of its membership. This is evident in legislative proceedings whenever the uni-

versity needs an appropriation and in the fact that the administration of the university itself would be unlikely to de-emphasize football in the face of the unanimous disapproval of such distinguished citizens.

The Touchdown Club's actual financial contribution to Oklahoma football is fairly modest as those things go; last year it was \$26,000, and it is seldom more than that. This money is deposited in the university's general fund, ear-marked for football scholarships, and it is administered by the University Athletic Council under Dean Earl Snod Jr., of the OU law school. "We have a surplus we're saving for any possible lean years," explains Paul Brown, an Oklahoma attorney and oilman who was the moving spirit behind the foundation of the Touchdown Club ten years ago. "Last year Gomer Jones said they needed \$26,000, and that was the check we made out."

The enthusiasm for football which



BUD WILKINSON shows the husky front profile he favors as he watches practice.

has become endemic in the state of Oklahoma is fostered, too, by the Touchdown Club, which has membership in all the small towns in the state. This gives the university a network of people interested in furthering OU football; no high school prospect in the state of Oklahoma can play a football game without an interested OU alumnus watching him. The network spreads into Texas, too, so that OU alumni can keep their alma mater informed on the bright prospects in the vast complex of Texas high schools. Although the Oklahoma coaching staff discourages any alumnus from contacting a high school player, it obviously does no harm to have someone on hand to remind the youngster quietly—and by example, since many of the alumni

are well-to-do oil people—of the advantage of education on the red clay flats of Norman.

X = SPIRIT

Once a football player has decided to enroll at Oklahoma, he is caught up in the kind of unabashed college spirit that characterized U.S. campus life in the 1920s. At OU, a fifth-semester guard is a hero on the campus, an idol in his home town and a celebrity wherever he goes. The stars of the Oklahoma teams are accorded all the adulation football heroes used to receive in the less-sophisticated glory days of the game, and this is true not only on the campus but all over the state. Much of this campus hero-worship is due to the fact that the Oklahoma athletes are a homogeneous part of the student body. They talk with the same western accent, wear the same faded blue jeans and join the same fraternities as do the nonathletic members of the student body. The team is affectionately known as the "Big Red," and Big Red is a favorite name for Oklahoma small businesses. Driving through the state you see Big Red hamburger joints, cleaning and pressing establishments, grocery and furniture stores.

One happy by-product of football fever in Oklahoma is that it has finally cured the state of a swollen inferiority complex stemming from the Depression days of the Dust Bowl when so many Oklahomans were forced off their farms and had to move west to California and submit as migratory farm laborers. The "Okie" label of those days—immortalized for all to see in John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*—was a long time dying. Now with the Sooner-baiting football opposition far and wide, E. K. Gaylord, publisher of the state's most influential newspaper, the *Daily Oklahoman*, is having little trouble popularizing a slogan which goes—a trifle defensively—"I'm an Okie and I'm proud of it!"

This might be the slogan of the Oklahoma football team, too. The tremendous pride the state and the school has in its football team places tremendous and possibly an unfair pressure on the youngsters to win; the coaches have little trouble getting them, psychologically ready Saturday after Saturday. Cleo Thomas, Oklahoma's All-American halfback candidate, waxed philosophical on this point the other day. "You can't pinpoint it," he said. "The guys have just started it. Then it rubs off on you. We go out to

continued

continued

win and we play to win. None of us wants to be on the team that ends this streak. I guess no matter what else you ever did, people would remember you were on the football team that

a traditional OU rival as has the University of Texas. These teams, then, with the six conference foes, make up eight of the 16 games on the OU schedule. The other two games, scheduled five or six years in advance, are selected for drawing power and are usually with relatively strong teams. With

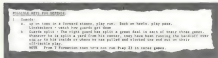
serve two purposes. It allows Oklahoma to exert the strongest leverage on the opposition with its always fresh and eager forces, and it minimizes the time to get set for any changes in Oklahoma's offensive strategy.

The other day, sitting in the rather small and austere office he inhabits at OU, Wilkinson was fiddling with two sets of miniature football players, arranging defenses for the upcoming Colorado game. He was, as usual, dressed impeccably in a soft gray tweed sport jacket, dark gray trousers, button-down shirt. His hair, which is prematurely gray at the age of 41, was brushed back as usual in rather dramatic waves from a high forehead. As he talked he moved the little men, constantly improvising new defenses.

"When you say this, people think you're kidding," he said. "It's true to say football builds character. No, I would say it takes character to play football. Physique, sure. But it takes mental as well as physical agility and the ability to make the sacrifices you must. The patterns flow and change so quickly."

He moved the little blue men on the defensive team again and set up a single-wing offense with the little red men and studied it a while, lost in thought.

"Why have we won so many?" He thought a few moments, the big hands still on the manikins. "Nothing is as good for a team as winning. I don't mean that the way it sounds. What I mean is the people who come into the pattern mold themselves to fit it. If it is a winning pattern, they fit that. You need good moral character, and



PART OF OU SCOUTING REPORT REFLECTS THE DETAILED STUDY OF THE FOE'S HABITS

lost the game that ended the streak."

This inordinate pride has led the crowds at Oklahoma home games into something less than sportsmanship once in a while. During the Colorado game this year Colorado, which pushed Oklahoma around with considerable ease for three quarters, was driving hard for a touchdown. With three down and two yards to go on the Oklahoma 7-yard line, Colorado bunched out of the huddle only to find that the crowd was screaming as loudly that it was impossible to hear the quarterback's voice. The quarterback held up both hands in the mute appeal quarterbacks make for quiet under such circumstances, but the crowd only howled louder. Finally, in desperation, the Colorado quarterback tried to call the signal. He called a change on the play originally signaled in the huddle, but his center could not hear him and thought he had called the snap signal. He moved the ball and Colorado drew a 5-yard penalty for illegal procedure. The drive died, and Oklahoma went on to win 14-13. While the ethics of the crowd are open to criticism, they reflect the fanatic loyalty of Oklahomans to the Big Red.

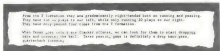
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Seldom, however, is the crowd called upon to lend such concrete vocal aid to Oklahoma in a Big Eight game. Since 1947 Oklahoma has won 60 and tied two conference games without a loss. This very clearly reflects the quality of the competition within the conference, which is something short of the competition in the Big Ten, Southwest or Southeast conferences. Colorado is the only team in the Big Eight which has consistently played Oklahoma on nearly even terms. Oklahoma State, just admitted to the group, has been

only a minimum of tough games Oklahoma can prepare, psychologically and technically, for the really strong opponents on its schedule and expect to take the rest in stride. And the weak schedule allows the Oklahoma sophomores nearly a full season of preparation, since they see action rather early and stay late in the big-score victories.

b=BOSS

The final, and the decisive factor in Oklahoma's success is a tall, soft-spoken, almost illegally handsome Minnesotan named Bud Wilkinson. He came to Oklahoma, not intending to stay long, back in 1946 as an assistant to Jim Tatum. He took over as head coach in 1947 and doubtless could be elected governor of the state now if he so desired. He has an engaging, flawless personality, which, after you have been exposed to it for a long time, you



OU SCOUTS LOOK FOR PATTERNING IN OPPONENTS' PLAY SUCH AS THE ONES LISTED ABOVE

examine closely for cracks because it seems too perfect. But the cracks are not there.

Wilkinson organizes Oklahoma football as carefully as a general preparing an invasion—from recruiting to game preparation to public relations. He can conduct a practice, speak to a quarterback club or charm the mother of a high school hallback with equal felicity. And he has a coldly brilliant, inventive football mind. It was Wilkinson, for instance, who came up with the idea of the rambone huddle which

we look for that. It's not hard to find around here. Most of the small towns, people in Oklahoma and Texas are good church people and the kids we get are church kids. Then the juniors and seniors set a pattern of behavior for the youngsters coming in."

Wilkinson set up a wing T, another Colorado offensive formation, and fiddled with defenses for that.

"We try to create the atmosphere that the last boy on our squad is as important as the No. 1 boy. The fifth-team boys should do well enough not

to slow down the first two units is practice. That's very important. That's why we spend so much time with the boys who play on the lower units."

Clendon Thomas, an ex-athlete, started on the fifth unit. "I guess they didn't really want us down on the fifth," he smiled. "I played at Southland High in Oklahoma City. We only won two games in the three years I played and once we got beat 22-6. When I was a sophomore here I was on the fifth unit, but the coaches took hard work on me on the squad and I worked up. Even the units here have spirit among themselves."

"It takes four hours of preparation by the coaches for one hour of practice," Wilkinson continued. "We ask the boys to give a lot, but we never ask them to make any more sacrifice than the coaches. We divide preparation into two phases. First, establish the foundation of football you're going to play—fundamentals, offense and defense and setting players in their position. While we're establishing this fundamental soundness, we come up with the 22 best football players on the squad, regardless of position, and we fit them into the positions we figure they can play best. We find that good football players are good at any position. This phase is extremely difficult for both players and coaches, and it takes lots of hard physical work. Then you get into the season when most of the work is mental and that's hard, too, in a different way."

Wilkinson's preparation for any game is meticulous to the point of being frisky. It begins on Sunday morning when the assistant who has scouted the team coming up reports to the Oklahoma field house and dictates his report to a stenographer. Sunday afternoon the whole coaching staff gets together to study the report, and late Sunday afternoon the team hears it. At 6:30 Monday morning the staff meets again, and each coach diagrams the offense he feels will work against the upcoming opponent.

"If we agree pretty substantially, that's it. Otherwise, we kick it around until we do agree," Wilkinson said. Tuesday morning the coaches go through the same cycle with the defense. Once offense and defense are set, the plans are typed up and each player given his assignments on a separate sheet. They get this on Wednesday at lunch and are expected to digest the information by practice time which begins at 4:35. More detailed

continues

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continued

instruction sheets are made up for offensive and defensive quarterbacks. The habits of opposing players are charted to develop patterns of play and often Oklahoma goes into a game knowing as much about the opposing team's style as its own coach.

"If we have a weakness, maybe it is that we don't adjust too well during a game," Wilkinson said. "We know how we want to play a game and we play it that way. We feel that any adjustments you might make to an unfamiliar offense or defense would cost you more in efficient execution than you would gain. We also try to scout ourselves, so we don't develop any bad habits as a team. I've got three or four boys as graduate assistants who played here, and they will look at films of our games and scout Oklahoma. When you're too close to the team, you tend to lose objectivity."

He leaned back in his chair.

"You know," he said, "we ask these boys to give their best and a little more. If the coaches don't do the same, then they have no tenable relationship with the team."

Wilkinson, who is known as one of football's hardest-working coaches, has certainly given his best to football, and football, in return, has been extremely kind to Wilkinson. Before the University of Texas hired Darrell Royal—a Wilkinson-trained coach—embarassed, well-heeled Texas alumni cast longing eyes toward Wilkinson. "We knew he would come high," one of them said the other day. "We had a guy who found out his income for us, and then we gave up on him. We had it from a good, reliable source that he paid income tax on \$102,000 in 1964." A good deal of his income came from a 38-program television sports series Wilkinson had made, since his salary is only a fraction of this sum.

Wilkinson still spends four hours on Sunday afternoons preparing and presenting a TV show for Kerr-McGee Oil Co. on an Oklahoma City station. Then he must hurry back to Norman, where he arrives at the Oklahoma field house just in time for the Sunday afternoon meeting with his assistants which begins another long week of meticulous preparation and hard work.

He is an impressive man as he strides up the steps to the field house, tall and strong-looking. He looks exactly the part of a man whose best and a little more has returned dignity and pride to a whole state.

(K&B)



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The beagle, a small, sturdy dog with a big voice, was derived, some say, from a cross between the dogs of the ancient Britons and those brought by Caesar. English huntmen developed the beagle into an excellent hunter of the hare, and his small size was carefully preserved so he could be followed on foot. In the hazy days of beagling, the squire would sound his horn and each owner would appear with his hound—and thus the pack was formed.

These days, however, fine, matched packs are owned individually or the kennel is supported by subscription, as in the case of the Trewern beagles of Berwyn, Pa., pictured on these pages. Each Sunday afternoon from October through March, 75 to 100 enthusiasts come to listen to their hounds, to experience the joy of the chase and the pleasure of a 10-mile cross-country hike in the frosty air. When Mr. David B. Sharp Jr., the master of the pack since 1929, is not working his hounds over the Pennsylvania countryside, he is proudly competing them in shows and field trials. Just this week, in justification of his pride, his Trewern beagles were top scorers at the National Beagle Club Park Field Trials at Aldie, Va. for no less than the fifth time.

The Trewern beagles rally forth as Master David Sharp Jr. (third from right) and hunt staff in green livery cast hounds at start of hunt at home of Samuel Eberle. They run hare for almost two hours.



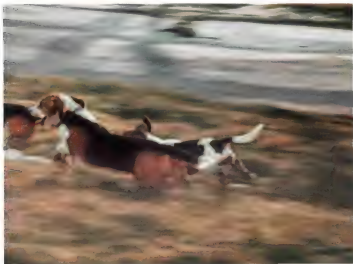


Strung out across the endless table-land, hunters are still wiring up female jacks. But the young ones are tougher—about right—to handle pick-up darts and take the field enthusiastically. This was a very important date for us, as Mr. Aron





Hunters and her children Emily and Arty watching her. Finally, when the dogs are in full cry (below), the hunters must pick up and run. This is beagling's climactic moment, and though the prey is seldom caught, all the fever of an all-out chase is there.





Climbing the knolls, near the last parcel of game, know no danger in hill-side and over wooden fence in hunt's most arduous stage. (Mrs. David B. Sharp, Jr., hunt master's wife, is in foreground; Ryan, Howard just ahead.)



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THE HODGE FAMILY GATHERS AT THEIR HOME IN KANSAS: BEHIND: DAN ALLEN, JR., 17; DAN, 10; DOLLY AND LINDA MARIE, 4.

DAN HODGE: BOXER

by DON GRANGER

America's best wrestler has turned boxer—here is the story of his amateur debut the other night before a Kansas fight crowd

THE CHANCES are that the last time you heard of the University of Oklahoma's Dan Hodge (51, April 1) he had just won the national intercollegiate wrestling championship, had just confirmed his informal title of best amateur wrestler in America, and was planning to settle down as a high school teacher and wrestling coach in Oklahoma. Well, the Oklahoma schoolboys who looked forward to learning to wrestle under Dan Hodge's tutelage will have to wait. Dan is a boxer now, and it looks as if he's going to be one for a long time.

Dan's plans were changed by a former (1937-41) University of Oklahoma wrestler named Art Freeman, now an independent oil operator in Wichita, Kansas, who has 1) put Dan to work for a drilling outfit he owns and 2) hired a boxing coach, with the aim of getting Dan ready for the heavyweight division of the Golden Gloves this winter.

"This isn't going to be like the Radermacher business," Orlan Freeman says. "Danny isn't going to go after

the professional championship his first fight out. He's going to go at his own speed and if he ever decides he's had enough, or if he gets hurt, he can stop. . . . We aren't ever going to do anything that might make him ridiculous."

So, in Convention Hall at Hutchinson, Kansas the other night, the best wrestler in America made his debut as an amateur boxer. It was quite an experience all around.

Convention Hall in Hutchinson (pop. 26,000) is a grimy brick building just north of the police station and across the street from the handstand where concerts are played every Saturday night during the hot Kansas summers. It used to be the scene of major sporting events (wrestling, Golden Gloves tournaments) but since the building of a bigger, more modern arena the older hall is rarely used for anything more strenuous than square dancing.

The hall seats 4,000 and was almost one-fourth full for Dan's fight. About 600 had paid the modest (75c to \$1.50) admission prices; the other 400 were in

as guests of Dan's management. The guests included several others from Wichita and Hutchinson, their wives, guests of Hutchinson and Wichita newspapermen, and Dolores Hodge, a pretty girl of 23, whose hands were never still as she waited to see her husband in his first fight. It was the first boxing of any kind she had seen except for a few hurried glimpses of televised fights.

"It's all right with me, whatever Danny wants to do, if he likes it," she said. "He seems to like boxing all right."

"Did you watch him when he wrestled?"

"Oh, yes. I saw almost all his matches."

"Did you ever see him hurt?"

"No; of course, he hurt his shoulder once, but never anything bad."

"Will you try to see all his fights now?"

"I don't know yet; all those close to home, I think."

"How do you feel about seeing Dan hurt another man? He's going to be in

them hitting as hard as he can. It's not like amateur wrestling where a pinning hold is illegal."

"I don't know yet. I just don't know."

"Is it what you want him to do?"

"It's all right with me if Danny likes it. I don't want to see him hurt, but he can quit any time and it is all right with Mr. Freeman. He'll still have a good job."

"Did Danny ever have any fights outside the wrestling ring, fights where he got mad and hit a man?"

"I've never known him to fight, never."

"You met him in high school, didn't you?"

"Yes, in Perry, Oklahoma. He was a sophomore and I was a freshman. We didn't go together right away but we had a few dates and then we went steady for a year and a half and we got married after Danny graduated." They now have two children: Dan Allen Jr., 21, and Linda Marie, 2.

Dan's sponsor, Art Freeman, paid the auditorium floor during the intermission—there were 10 fights, including the main event. He told the visiting oilman that the first fighter picked to face Dan, a young Wichita Indian who had had six amateur fights, had withdrawn and the matchmaker had run in a veteran in his place—a man weighing 267 who had had 63 fights or so. This was all right with him, Freeman, because he wanted to give Dan the best possible test.

The substitute, Raymond Scott, was slipping into a badly wrinkled athletic

trousers

and operator are provided by Kodak.



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HODGE'S OPPONENT, Lumsden has been, had a tough time trying to stay upright.

DAN HODGE: BOXER

(continued)

supporter when I went backstage to interview him. Neat is a pudgy, 23-year-old Negro who is married, a resident of Hutchinson and a laborer with Chalmers Barnes, a company specializing in the construction of garbage elevators.

"How many fights have you lost?" I asked him.

"About 24."

"Nope."

"No, about 28."

"All as an amateur?"

"Yes."

"How many did you win?"

"About 16, I think."

I felt his upper arms, his belly and his thigh. There was muscle in the arms and thigh but his belly was soft and jiggled to the touch.

"You're not in what I would call great shape. When was your last fight?"

"Two years ago."

"You haven't fought in two years?"

"No."

"Have you been in training?"

"No. I've been working. But I've been doing some roadwork lately."

"How far do you run?"

"I'm not sure, just run."

"How long has been doing that?"

"Pretty long."

"Now look, I'm a tender old man and I don't want you swinging at me, but is this a tank job?"

"What do you mean, a tank job?"

"You know what I mean. You know how much this first fight means to Hodge. Are you going to take a dive?"

"You just wait and see. You'll see I'm not taking any dives."

"How much are they paying you for the fight?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are they giving you anything besides your money?"

"You'll have to talk to my manager about that."



HILL'S MANAGER, the caper, notcap John Hill, mostly settled for a purse of \$10.

"Who is your manager?"

"John Hill."

"Where's he from?"

A small, nervous Negro appeared at my elbow. "Are you John Hill?" He admitted it.

"How much are they paying you and Raymond for the fight?"

His hands fluttered and he said, "Step over here." We stepped over there, well out of the fighter's hear: eg.

"Is this going to be written up in that sport magazine?"

"That's why I'm here."

"I wish I'd know about that. This has not been said; there are no complications."

"What kind of complications?"

"Well, I'd better not say."

"How much is the boy going to be paid for the fight?"

"Well, I thought it ought to be as much as \$25 but I'm not sure now."

"Is it more than \$25?"

"No."

"Is it \$20?"

"Less than that."

"\$10?"

"Yes, that's just what it is, \$10."

When Mr. Hill isn't managing fighters for games up to \$30 for a main event he carries luggage as a redcap at the bus depot in Hutchinson. When I mentioned the name to Fred Meyer, 41 the Hutchinson News, he smiled and said only that Hill has been around for some time and that it is not customary for amateurs to have managers, as such.

Hodge was dressed and wrapped in the dressing room on the other side of the stage. The room is a big one, lined with lockers, smelling like every other dressing room where athletes leave their sweat. Hodge's dressing bag is jugged lightly, booming up. Ray Powell (145 pounds) of Dodge City, who had just been knocked out by Harry Saba (145 pounds) of Wichita in 1:45 of the first round, lay full length

on a bench about 10 feet from Dan, recovering. The victim's condition apparently did nothing to discourage Danny.

Dan was dressed in clean white trunks, obviously making their debut with him. His blue robe with the five interlocked circles of the Olympic insignia he wore at Melbourne was thrown around his shoulders. His long-jawed face was as politely inexpressive as it always is. His trainer, Carl Kennedy, worked over the already well-wrapped hands.

Beginning in the basement

From the well-stated protective cup under his new trunks to the freshly cleaned robe Dan was as well and carefully dressed for boxing as any man ever will be but he was as out of place as Shirley Temple in a sex movie. Nothing is quite as grimy as 10 amateur bouts on a weekday night in a Kansas town. If there is a bottom rung on the boxing ladder, Dan was in the basement below it, but this strong, quiet, competent, inexperienced man, thoroughly indigenous, nonsmoking, nondrinking, wife-and-family-loving, respectably honest amateur athlete just was not touched by any of the aroma.

"How's the cold, Dan?" On the day before the fight, his cold was bad enough to require a shot of penicillin.

"Better."

"How are you feeling?"

"Good. Real good."

"You think you might be tempted to use a wrestling hold when you get in there tonight?"

He smiled forgivingly. "No, there's no chance of it. The two aren't alike at all."

"Before you went to boxing had you ever hit a man, really hit him to hurt?"

"No."

"How do you feel about going in there to hit a man as hard as you can, as often as you can till he falls down and can't get up. Is there any emotional reaction in it for you?"

He thought it over. "No, no I don't think so. It's competition. I'll just do my best."

"He's one of the best I've ever seen," Kennedy, the trainer, said. "You only have to show him a thing once and he picks it up. He's going to go right to the top."

Dan was first in the ring. He stood quietly while Scott apparently used the old trick of making his opponent wait. The trick had no effect, telling effect on Scott's manager. Little John Hill looked worried as he jittered in Scott's corner. At last he spat his

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DAN HODGE: BOXER

continued

tiger talking quietly to a small group seated well off to the side of the spectators. He trotted over to get inside Scott to get into the ring.

Dan was introduced as a fine wrestler making his debut as a boxer. His weight was given as 180, Scott's as 200. Dan moved out fast with the first bell. He was amazingly fast. Three seconds later Scott was on the floor. He looked puzzled. So did I. He didn't know what hit him. Neither did I. I don't think Dan knew, either. Scott didn't take a count, just bounced right up from the canvas.

Dan moved forward all the time, throwing short, hooking punches. He fought Scott just as he shadowboxed, hitting fast. When he shadowboxed he tries to throw at least one punch a second. He used much the same tempo against Scott. He keeps both hands high and keeps them moving. There were no recognizable combinations, just a steady stream of punches.

When Scott got up Dan's mood in again. He threw more punches. Scott went down. He went down and got up and went down and got up and went down and got up and went down and got up. Twice he took a swim, but on the other knockdown Scott came up fast. He never lost his puzzled look in the first round.

The thing moved too fast for my nervous reporting. Mike Gilbert of the Wichita Beacon and Bill Hodge of the Wichita Evening Eagle, who sat together at ringside and compared notes, said there were nine knockdowns in the first round. Fred Menzies counted only five. Bob Overaker of the Wichita Morning Eagle said there were eight. Charlie Lufkin, the referee, a racing driver and professional wrestler, counted eight. I lost track after seven. Scott couldn't say for sure. He wasn't keeping score.

Scott didn't always go down because he was hit by a legitimate punch. At least twice he was killed in the canvas by the speed and power of Hodge's rushing.

Scott came out surprisingly strong for the second round. He took a left hand to the head to throw a long right uppercut that caught Hodge flush on the chin. Hodge felt the blow but it didn't slow him up. He kept coming in and dropped Scott with a wild series. He dropped him again after the second. Scott staggered up, then without being hit, toppled over, face forward, his rear right in the air, and collapsed.

The referee stopped it after 1:45 of the second round.

Dan's was unmarked except for a slight abrasion on the right eyebrow. He did not remember how he got it.

"How did you like it?" I asked him. "I like it."

"Was it much different from wrestling?"

"The biggest difference is that in boxing you rest after three minutes. In wrestling you rest in there for nine minutes without rest. This is a little easier."

"Did he hurt you with the right?"

"He hit me but it didn't bother me."

"You want to go on as a boxer?"

"Yes, I sure do."

A bloated middleweight

In the Scott dressing room there were loud explanations. "I haven't been in a ring in three years," he told the lone friend who listened, aping the absence by a year. "I'm not afraid of that guy. He's strong and fast but I'm just a middleweight 180 pounds overweight. When I get in shape I'll fight him again, you'll see. Hey, did you think that was a tank job, did it look like a tank job to you?"

I said I had never seen anything like it.

Although he had been hit an uncounted number of times along the face and head there were no marks on Scott's face or body. He had his slugs in at the nose just after the fight but the bleeding was quite minor and easily controlled. He was in good spirits. "I better quit talkin' and get dressed or my wife will give me another whuppin'," he said.

There is no doubt that if he continues, Hodge will be one of the most exciting heavies to watch. There is also no doubt that at this stage his ability is untested and unknown. Nothing in this fight with Scott, who is a rolling, sliding, swaying clown, proves anything except that Hodge is strong and fast, eager and willing, innocent and totally unafraid.

His backers are trying to line up an amateur card for him every two weeks. The problem will be to find opponents. Kansas prohibits hardly more amateur heavyweight fights than Nevada, says Freeman is planning to take Dan into Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri.

The manager expressed after the fight. Dan's wife waited for him with a little group of admirers. Her eyes were still bright with excitement and it was hard for her to stand in one spot.

"If I'd known it was going to be this simple I would never have worried for a minute," she said. (J.M.)

TIP FROM THE TOP

from **RALPH HUTCHISON**

Senior Editor at Country Club, Bethesda, Pa.



ESPECIALLY FOR LOW-HANDICAP PLAYERS

The late Macdonald Smith was a pro's pro, one of the truly great players, students and teachers of the game. Mac's essential thesis for any low-handicap golfer was this: When things go sour, you cannot make just minor corrections—you must go back to those essentials of the golf swing which you have been unconsciously neglecting. There was one fundamental in particular which Mac thought every good golfer should keep well in mind when he ran into the miserie: Be sure that the left hand and left foot start forward together when you begin the downswing. That is, as the left hand starts to pull the club down through the arc of the swing, the left foot, which has rolled over on the backswing, simultaneously starts to return to the flat, firm position it must have at the moment of impact.

In regard to this basic matter of timing, if the good golfer starts hooking and doesn't know why, he is probably starting the downswing with a right shoulder movement instead of with the left hand. If slicing or smothering is afflicting him, he is probably rolling his hands over on the backswing and trying to compensate for this error at the last moment before impact. Pronating can only bring grief to the low-handicap golfer and may explain why he suddenly begins to refer to the shower as the best part of the game.



NEXT WEEK: KATHY CORNELIUS ON DRAWING THE TREE-SHOT

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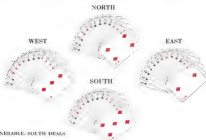


CARDS ON THE TABLE

DEPRESSED BY THE ANGELS

by CHARLES GOREN

IT is one of the great charms of bridge that all the science in the world is impotent against the workings of a certain type of magic which the tops will sometimes wield. The deal shown below was played in a tournament sometime ago, and the West hand was held by the author, who, he it known, cannot give more than rational approval of results achieved with the aid of fortune rather than judgment. North and South were a pair of charming ladies who professed to be readers of mine. The bidding indicated below, believe it or not, actually took place.



NORTH SIDE VULNERABLE SOUTH DEALS

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♦	Pass	2 ♠	2 ♠
3 ♣	Pass	3 ♦	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	4 ♥	Pass
Pass	Pass		

The opening bid, the response and the rebid to three clubs were right out of the book. North's bid of three diamonds was certainly the best available. It provided partner with an opportunity to bid for game at no trump if he had spades guarded. This seemed much more desirable than trying for 11 tricks with such an evenly balanced hand. South's next call of three hearts is a choice of the experts. It can hardly denote a genuine heart suit, which would have been shown long before. It simply throws the choice back to North to try no trump, if he has some sort of spade stopper, or to bid for game in a minor suit if he thinks sufficient values are held. However, North had got into the swing of raising partner and went to four hearts. South at this point got rather tired of bidding and passed.

The 8 of spades was opened by West and two tricks cashed in the suit. On the spade continuation South ruffed with the 4. This was overruffed with the 5, but there were no more tricks for the defense. It will be noted that a five-club contract would have been doomed to failure, because on the third round of spades South would be obliged to ruff high and thus establish a trump trick for West.

At the conclusion of the hand South turned to me with the comment, "I tried to bid the hand the way you do. I remembered that you don't like any of the conventions but, show your ace on good hands. Did I bid it well?"

I was too depressed at the contemplation of our score to think up any witticism of my own, so I borrowed one from Sidney Lens, "Angels could have done no more."



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**Caterpillar walk makes
you as limber as a child**



A revealing measure of your physical age, which need not correspond to your chronological age, is your inclination or reluctance to bend over and touch the floor. You need strength and flexibility to bend as effortlessly and unconsciously as you did in childhood. The caterpillar walk, demonstrated here by lithe Bonnie Prudden, whose chronological and physical ages are about 24 years apart, will get you in shape to bend with as much suppleness and grace as a youngster.

Keeping your legs straight and well apart, drop your trunk forward until your hands support your weight and touch the floor about as far with your feet apart. Then swing your arms and upper body forward as far in front of your feet as you can reach, slowly.

With a jump, bring your feet up again to toe with your hands up to the starting position above. Progressively the floor becomes, but stay steady and work up speed and muscular repetitions. These initial this exercise are enough for you to do in the beginning.



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H. Choose from 22 styles of MacGregor gloves — autographed by Robin Roberts, Gus Bell, Willie Mays, Gil McDougald and many others from \$2.00 for junior models to \$18.95 for professional models. Red leather and glove shown here.

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L. MacGregor is the "Tailor" in the nation's top leathers. Football, basketball, baseball, soccer, ice hockey and others to choose from.

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N. MacGregor's professional league boxing football and baseball shoes. From boys' models to kangaroo leather game shoes — \$5.45 to \$19.95.

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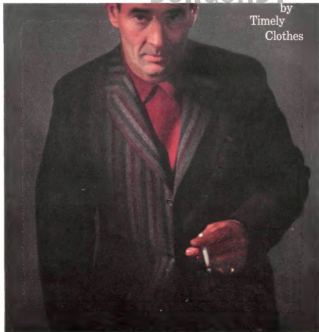
High in the sky on their do-it-yourself grandstand sit Edward C. Roth (left) perpetrator of this contraption, and Jack Beusart. Roth's ingenious invention enables the pair to have an unobstructed view of sports car races, of which both are aficionados, and the entire device can be knocked down into a small bundle that tucks into the back of the car. Contrived of steel rods tailored to meas-

ure, the rig supports two porch chairs at an altitude of nine feet with a revolving swing of 120°—a range that is also a boon to Roth's hobby of movie-making. Roth spent all of 10 hours and \$30 devising his "skyview chair," and he plans to market it, in such spare time as he can manage from his duties in the Buffalo offices of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Bente. A sometime entrant in drag races, Roth drives the Alfa Romeo Giulietta Spyder that serves as grandstand foundation here.

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